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THE KING'S TOUR: HIS MAJESTY DRIVING ALONG CHURCH STREET, GIBRALTAR, ON HIS ARRIVAL AT "THE ROCK," APRIL 8.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MANUEL MONTEGRIFFO.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

King Edward is about to invade France, and to storm the stronghold where at least one of his ancestors on the throne of England was crowned. I hope no patriotic Gaul will take this historical statement amiss, for it is the goodwill of the French people that the King desires to take captive. Already the shadow of his coming sheds a benignant calm over Paris. The English are almost popular. It is generally remarked that they are much better behaved than they used to be; they no longer exhibit a distressing taste for going to the Opera in tweed knickerbockers. The typical Briton has ceased for the moment to be a clumsy giant with red hair and a pipe in his mouth. What has worked this magical change? A delightful old French lady is reported to have said, "These English people are far better mannered since *ce cher Roi* mounted the throne." King Edward waves his sceptre, and lo! the Englishman in Paris becomes a polished being in French eyes. Let us keep this reputation if we can!

Thousands of our countrymen will flock to Paris to greet their Sovereign there on the First of May. Let me beg them to be careful of their costume. Morning dress should have a decent sobriety—neat, not gaudy; no red neckties, if you please. And do remember that it is usual in Paris to wear a silk hat, not a cloth cap. Put away that notion of the Ancient Briton that Paris is not good enough for his evening suit. I would go further—*wear your evening dress in the afternoon*. That is the French official style. And when you stand in the Champs Elysées, letting the Parisians know how British lungs can hurrah for the King, his eye, which misses nothing, will beam on you with approval, and he will say to M. Loubet: "My faith, M. le Président, you have turned these subjects of mine into Parisians!" And M. Loubet, quite equal to the occasion, will respond: "Sire, to-day you have turned our Parisians into your subjects." Such an exchange of compliments between the President of the Republic and a royal visitor is, I believe, forbidden by the Protocol, the diplomatic instrument which settles the etiquette of these ceremonies. But if you keep your eye on the King and the President at the Opera, you will see that there is a little joke between them. They whisper together, and laugh merrily. The British Ambassador looks preoccupied, and M. Delcassé frowns slightly; but the King murmurs to M. Loubet, "When you come to London, M. le Président, we'll have another game with the Protocol!"

I do not expect these pleasantries to be appreciated on the banks of the Neva or the Spree. Munich will make wry faces. Pan-Germans must be painfully flustered to read that the street-hawkers of Paris are laying in an enormous stock of Union Jacks and emblematic toys representing the King fraternising with President Loubet, and the British Policeman holding up his Hand. That is not quite accurate, to be sure; for the figure of the policeman, if you pull a string, will merely "put out his hand and take off his hat." Our immortal Bobby never takes off his hat. I sometimes think that he is born in a helmet, dies in it, and wears it defiantly in the tomb. But that Parisian toy is symptomatic of the *entente cordiale*; it shows how near the French are getting to a correct appreciation of our institutions. The *sergent de ville* is not a very successful controller of the Paris traffic. Perhaps the toy constable will suggest to the municipal authorities the experiment of a life-size image of Robert, planted in the middle of the Place de l'Opéra, with a gigantic Hand mechanically adjusted to overawe the cabmen.

From the Neva comes a pleasant whiff of the Dark Ages. Father John, who is worshipped by the Russian peasantry as a divine being, has solemnly banned Count Tolstoy. The Council of a University had the quaintly humorous idea of electing both of them, and Father John has declined to be bracketed with "that Satanic author." This must give Tolstoy some mild amusement. He may wonder what any University could have in common with a priest who would have seemed belated a thousand years ago. If Father John had been in a position to deal with a "Satanic author" even three centuries ago, he would not have been content to write a letter. But Tolstoy may expect to hear that the peasants believe him to have been whirled by Father John's wrath to the everlasting bonfire. A picture of him carried off by somebody with hoofs and horns will be impressed on the rural mind. For it is impossible that such an ungodly man should continue to flourish when the miracle-worker has pronounced his doom. I commend this to Madame de Novikoff as a theme for one of her charming dissertations on the superiority of Russian ideals to Western civilisation.

Our Western civilisation, by the way, is fond of smiling at Oriental customs. For years it was the fixed idea of our popular entertainers that nothing was so funny on the stage as a burlesque of an Eastern potentate. The Mikado was treated with a certain

caution in the old Savoy opera; still, you were invited to feel superior in his presence. The Sultan of Morocco, who is much too enlightened for his subjects, is probably familiar with the dignified figure which an ancestor of his makes in Shakspeare. But he would have been disagreeably amazed by the counterfeit presentment of Moorish majesty on our stage not long ago. The Emperor of China has been subjected to the same indignity. Is it possible that the Dowager-Empress has heard of that? She is said to have started a novel entertainment in the Chinese Court. The ladies of the Legations were invited to tea, and found the Empress most gracious. She gave them silks, which they supposed to be priceless, though cynics affirm that articles which are made to be given away by this frugal monarch are naturally without price. So affable and bounteous a Sovereign, said the ladies of the Legations, could never have connived at the deeds of those horrid Boxers. But (the story runs) as soon as the guests had quitted the Palace, the Empress proceeded to delight her courtiers with imitations of her European admirers, who had not the least suspicion, poor dears, that they were so comic.

The success of this show ought to make it a regular Court function. I can imagine the programme, printed on Chinese silk of the finest quality: "The Palace Theatre of Varieties, Peking. The Dowager-Empress in her celebrated impersonations of the Female Foreign Devils. Songs, sketches, and dances, written and invented by the Dowager-Empress, the first and only music-hall artist in China. Infringement of copyright punished with instant death. Only the Dowager-Empress, by imitating the Female Foreign Devils, can show the foolishness of the outer barbarians, and the sublimity of Celestial wisdom." That is a very rough translation, of course. To catch the peculiar combination of the Dowager-Empress's artistic temperament with the consciousness of her consecrated mission, one must have a better knowledge of the Chinese language than I possess. But taking this to be her attitude of mind, who can be surprised? If she dances the "cake-walk" to show the Mandarins the absurdity of our civilisation, can you wonder? Besides, there is the Indemnity; and whenever an instalment is due, you may be sure that the Dowager-Empress will have some new and telling verses in her topical song, which will soon be as long as the traditional Chinese drama.

No philosopher has anything new to tell us about Monte Carlo; but M. Maeterlinck, in the *Daily Mail*, reports his observations of roulette. "The mystery of the universe," he says, "inflicts a symbolical, incessant, and disheartening defeat upon human power and reason." That is because no man, watching the ivory ball dancing in the spinning wheel, can "foresee, were it but for the third of a second, that which is about to happen before his eyes." Does it need a visit to Monte Carlo to teach humility to the human reason? A glance through the daily paper will show you the most confident predictions shattered in every department of the world's affairs. And yet the statesmen, financiers, and journalists go on reasoning about fate as if disappointment were unknown to them. As a matter of fact, the "mystery of the universe" does not dishearten us, though we stake heavily on symbols of far graver import than the number which does not come up.

Not the mystery of life, but its routine, is the most disquieting phenomenon. Consider the appalling sameness of food. Colonel Newnham-Davis says there are a hundred and fifty *entrées* in the French *cuisine*. Who would have thought it? I live in terror of that black pessimism which makes every *entrée* a mocking play upon words. Is there anything new in a *filet*, call it by what name you please? Carlyle said that Heine lived upon sausages made of toads. This was only one of those amiable figures of speech by which Carlyle indicated how poorly he thought of his eminent contemporaries. But even a dish of toads, or frogs at any rate, is not new to the French cook. What amazes me in Colonel Newnham-Davis is the breezy philosophy with which he discusses the *menus* in the noted restaurants of Europe. He enjoys them all, small and great. Look into his "Gourmet's Guide," which Mr. Grant Richards has published, and you will note that he makes no more fuss about a dinner at Monte Carlo at two pounds ten a head than about a three-franc *table d'hôte* in Brussels. What serenity! What breadth of mind! When I read of these cosmopolitan "spreads," I feel like the gentleman who sold his appetite to a diabolical stranger, and was made to suffer the evils of gluttony every night, though he never touched a morsel. But only one moment of weakness do I detect in Colonel Newnham-Davis. There is a passage where he hints that the gourmet may be driven by a surfeit of high living to a plain chop. Why not to vegetarianism? After studying all these *menus*, I could live contentedly on asparagus, which moved Charles Lamb to "gentle thoughts." But Mrs. Earle says it is full of poison—the poison of rheumatism! If M. Maeterlinck wants the real mystery of the universe, here it is!

PARLIAMENT.

Before the House of Commons adjourned for the Easter recess, Sir William Anson introduced the London Education Bill, which is the complement of the Act of 1902. He said that the London School Board would be abolished because an educational authority *ad hoc* was extravagant and over-centralised. Its election gave rise to periodical storms of religious controversy, and not more than 18 per cent. of the electorate went to the poll. Moreover, the interests of education were liable to be sacrificed to particular educational interests, such as those of the teachers. Under the new Bill the educational authority would be the London County Council, assisted by the Borough Councils, which would have the management of schools, the appointment or dismissal of teachers, and the selection of sites for new schools. The County Council, however, would have full control over expenditure. Any dispute between the central body and the local bodies would be settled by the Board of Education.

As it would be impossible for the County Council to give its whole attention to education, it would exercise authority through a Committee of ninety-seven members, composed of thirty-six County Councillors, thirty-one Borough Councillors, twenty-five representatives of Voluntary schools, technical institutions, and the London University, and five members of the London School Board.

Against this scheme Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman made a strong protest. He denied that there was any justification for abolishing the School Board, derided the proposal to entrust the management of schools to the Borough Councils, and pointed out that the County Council would be in a minority on its own Committee. Sir John Gorst replied that this was not of cardinal importance, as the County Council would retain the power of the purse. Dr. Macnamara said the Bill made the Borough Councils managers of the schools, and then duplicated their authority on the Committee. Mr. W. F. Smith and Mr. Peel took the same view, and declared that the County Council must have a clear majority on the Committee. There was a division on the first reading of the Bill, which was carried by 159 to 77.

In the course of a short debate on Eastern affairs Lord Cranborne said that the Turkish Government was suffering from incompetence, not iniquity. It was necessary that order should be restored in the Sultan's disturbed provinces, and British officers would probably be sent to keep a warning eye on the Turkish troops. Mr. Balfour, explaining the position of the Bagdad Railway, said that the line would certainly be made, that it would be the shortest mail route to India, and that if British capital were not invested the railway would be in the hands of German and French financiers. Moreover, it seemed desirable that the terminus of the railway on the Persian Gulf should be a port like Koweyt, which was under British control.

Mr. Lloyd-George attacked the Prime Minister for his recent speech on the action of the licensing magistrates in extinguishing licenses. This, said the member for Carnarvon, was improper interference, as the action of the magistrates was subject to appeal to Quarter Sessions. Mr. Balfour said he had merely expressed the opinion he had always held that licenses should not be extinguished without compensation.

To the objection that he had interfered with the administration of a court of law, the Prime Minister replied by recalling the ruling of the House of Lords that the licensing magistrates did not sit as a court. He deplored the magistrates' conduct, and felt no contrition for his statements. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman entered a vigorous protest against Mr. Balfour's course of action.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE M.I.'S," AT THE HAYMARKET.

At the Haymarket Theatre, Colman and Garrick's old comedy of "The Clandestine Marriage" is converted so completely into a madcap farce, with the interest centring in the quaint antics of Lord Ogleby and Mr. Cyril Maude's clever representation of this senile dandy, that the management is wisely advised, no doubt, in reducing the original five acts to three. Thanks to such a policy of compression, it is now also able to find room for a naïve and unpretentious first piece of Mr. Harry Grattan's composition, which the author rather curiously styles "a musical incident." In point of fact, the trifle, for which Mr. Augustus Barratt supplies the score, contains no incident, and is merely a sort of military sing-song supposed to take place on the banks of the Tugela. Surrounded by all the stage accoutrements of war are shown certain imaginary members of the Mounted Infantry (hence the title, "The M.I.'s"), who burst irresponsibly into melody, humorous and sentimental, and listen reverently while a young boy renders Mr. Slaughter's ballad of "The Dear Homeland." A small but capable company of five vocalists won considerable applause last Saturday evening for this harmless little entertainment.

MUSIC.

Good Friday is the only day in Lent, strange to say, on which the musical world shows any marked activity, and yet it is a day in Catholic churches on which no note of the organ is permitted until late evening. The Queen's Hall had two concerts, each of which drew an overflowing house. In the afternoon the chief attraction lay in the magnificent rendering by the Queen's Hall Orchestra of Tchaikowsky's melancholy Sixth Symphony. Mr. Wood conducted, and the "Symphonie Pathétique" was never better performed, every gradation of expression being given. A selection of "Parsifal" was made, including the beautiful Praelude, Kundry's "Herzeleid," from Act II., the Good Friday music, especially arranged for the concert platform, and the closing scene of Act I. Madame Marie Brema sang the "Herzeleid" beautifully.

On the evening of Good Friday there was a miscellaneous concert at the Queen's Hall. Several items on the programme were scarcely in sympathy with the occasion, but the choice of music is limited, unless absolutely ecclesiastical music be chosen—a setting of "Maria Desolata" or "Tenebrae," etc. The most welcome item was the beautiful aria from Sir Arthur Sullivan's oratorio, "The Light of the World," "God shall wipe away all tears." Madame Kirkby Lunn sang it with great earnestness and charm. Madame Sobrino sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth," from "The Messiah"; Mr. Denham Price, Gounod's "Nazareth" excellently; Miss Florence Schmidt, with her clear, birdlike voice, gave a welcome, because an unhackneyed, solo from a "Cantata Spirituale" of Leonardo Leo. Miss Mathilde Verne played brilliantly some piano solos of Chopin; Miss Tita Brand gave an excellent recitation of Mrs. Browning's dramatic poem, "Mother and Poet." Mr. Percy Pitt accompanied, and the Meistersingers and Mr. Laurence Rea were also much appreciated.

The Albert Hall Royal Choral Society lived up to their traditions in giving "The Messiah," and giving it very well. The chorus gained rather than lost through diminution of numbers. Their rendering was crisp and precise, their intonation more distinct and distinctive in the sense of showing fuller recognition of the value of accentuation of phrases and words. Miss Evangeline Florence, Miss Alice Lakin—who has a beautiful quality of contralto voice—Mr. Charles Saunders, and Mr. Andrew Black were the soloists, and are all to be commended for their reverence of tone and finished style. Mr. Balfour played the organ accompaniments and Sir Frederick Bridge conducted.

Even the distance of the Crystal Palace from town did not prevent a large audience assembling on the afternoon of Good Friday. The concert was assisted by the Crystal Palace Choir and Orchestra and military bands. Miss Macintyre probably took the honours by her beautiful rendering of the difficult "Inflammatus" from Rossini's setting of the "Stabat Mater." Madame Kirkby Lunn foreshadowed her evening's triumph by singing "God shall wipe away all tears"; Mr. Santley sang the beautiful, simple hymn "There is a green hill far away," set to music by Gounod; Madame Ella Russell and the choir sang selections from Gounod's "Redemption," and many and varied were the other items of a long and successful programme.

For Tuesday, May 12, a grand entertainment is being arranged at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, to aid a special effort which is being made by several interested ladies to place that excellent society, Our Dumb Friends' League, on a sounder financial basis. Princess Henry of Battenberg has promised to be present.

Talk of painted forgeries is in the air, and this being so, it is natural, after having turned to our own private walls and convinced ourselves that we have not been imposed upon at home, to wonder if our national collections have given refuge to clever unrealities. The authorities at the Louvre have been twice very seriously deceived within our memory; while pictures have at times been received and hung in Trafalgar Square only to be removed again when their exhibition brought upon them their fair share of ridicule. Among the pictures now satisfactorily consigned to the darkness of the cellars at the National Gallery is the "Medical Professor," once attributed to Holbein. Deservedly not banished from the gallery walls, however, is "The Christ Blessing Little Children," which, although exceedingly beautiful, was not worth the huge sum of £7000 paid for it in 1866, when it was purchased as a Rembrandt.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor will be pleased to consider Column Articles on subjects of immediate interest, but he cannot assume responsibility for MSS. or Sketches submitted. MSS. of Poetry can on no account be returned.

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Barty's Star. Norman Gale. (Walter Scott Publishing Co. 2s. 6d.)
The New Lady Teazle, and Other Stories. Helen Mathers. (Digby Long.)
The Autobiography of Peter Taylor. (Alexander Gardner. 3s. 6d.)
The Gap in the Garden. Wathen Bartlett. (Lane.)
Two Years at the Front with the Mounted Infantry: Being the Diary of Lieutenant B. Moeller. (Grant Richards. 6s.)
Clashmore. Edmund Downey. (Simpkin, Marshall. 6s.)
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South Africa Old and New. Thomas Kirkup. (Macdonald and Martin. 3s. 6d.)
Exmoor Streams. Claude F. Wade. (Chatto and Windus.)
Near the Tsar, near Death. Fred Whishaw. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)
The Index and Epitome of the Dictionary of National Biography. (Smith, Elder. 25s.)

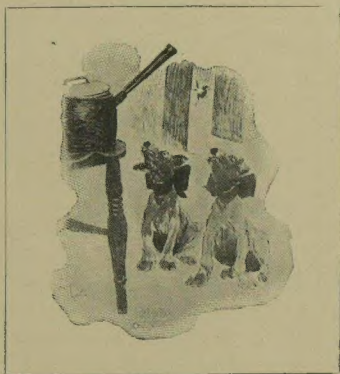
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RECENT PROGRESS IN ZOOLOGICAL SCIENCE.

THE history of the evolution of the horse has been completed by the discovery of the fossilised remains of a herd of three-toed hipparions. The discovery was made by Mr. J. W. Gidley, who led an expedition planned by Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History, and financed by Mr. William C. Whitney. In the Niobrara beds of the southern part of South Dakota, sufficient bones were found for the reconstruction of a complete skeleton. Our chart shows the development of the middle toe and the corresponding attenuation of the second and third.

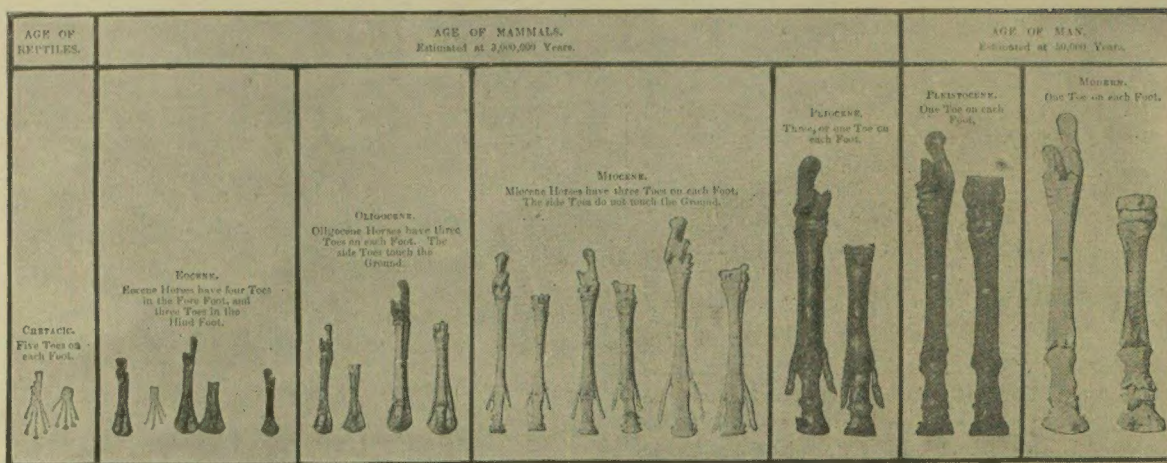
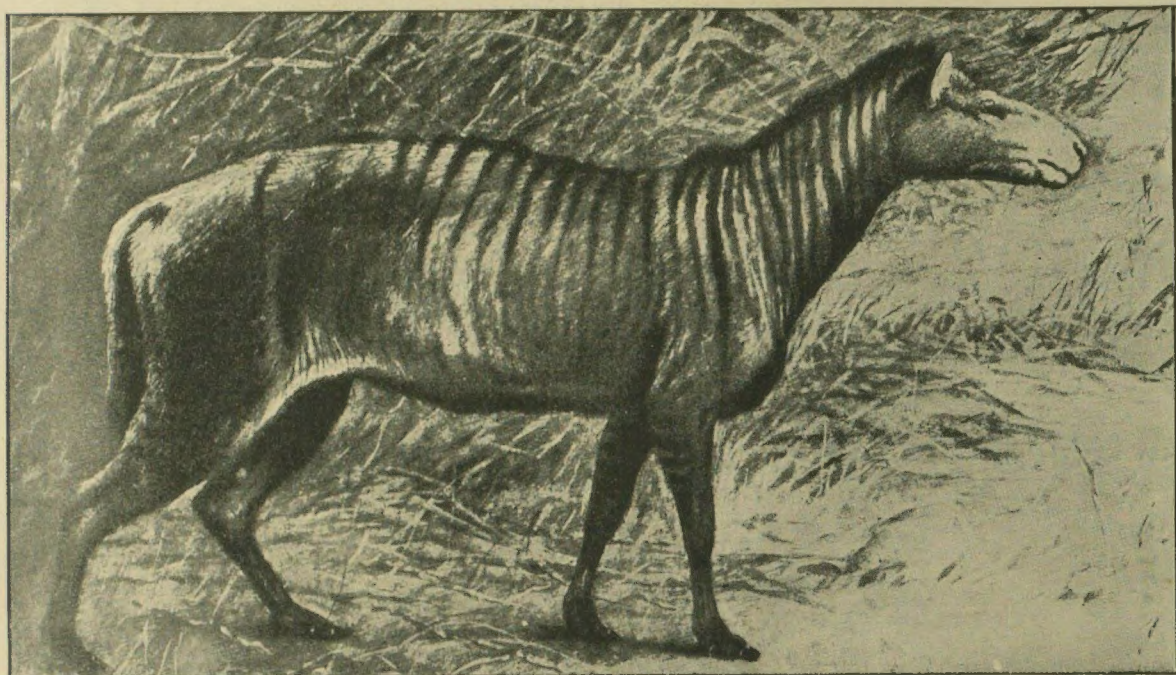
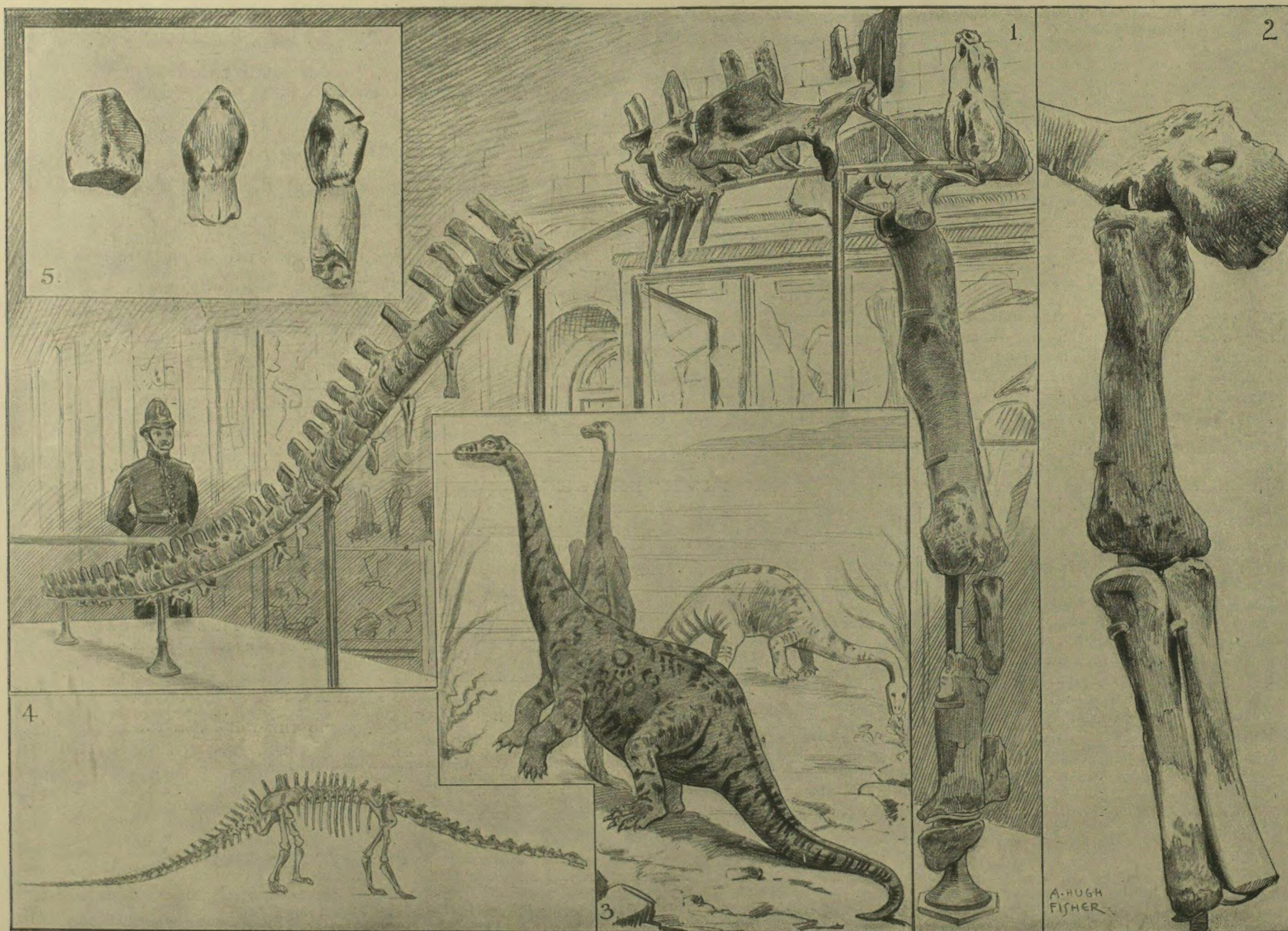


CHART SHOWING THE EVOLUTION OF THE HORSE FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES UNTIL NOW.



THE MISSING LINK IN THE ANCESTRY OF THE HORSE: THE THREE-TOED HIPPARION.

IN the Oxford clay in a brickfield near Peterborough, Mr. Alfred N. Leeds, F.G.S., has discovered the remains of the Sauropodous Dinosaur (*Cetiosaurus Leedsii*), the complete skeleton of which is believed to have been sixty feet long. These lizard-footed Dinosaurs are supposed to have fed on sea-weeds below low-water mark. Our Artist has made a sketch from a drawing by Mr. Charles R. Knight, illustrating a suggestion by Professor E. D. Cope, of the possible mode of life of these monsters. The teeth here shown probably belong to the *Cetiosaurus Leedsii*, and were found by Mr. Leeds in the same locality as the bones of the other remains. A similar species is the *Diplodocus Carnegii*, discovered in Wyoming, and presented to the Carnegie Museum at Pittsburg. Of this skeleton, which is sixty feet long, Mr. Carnegie has offered to present a plaster cast to the Natural History Museum.

1. The Tail and Left Hind-Leg of the Sauropodous Dinosaur (*Cetiosaurus Leedsii*).

2. The Right Fore-Leg, measuring Six Feet from Wrist to Upper End of Humerus.

3. The Possible Mode of Life of the Seaweed-Eating Dinosaur.

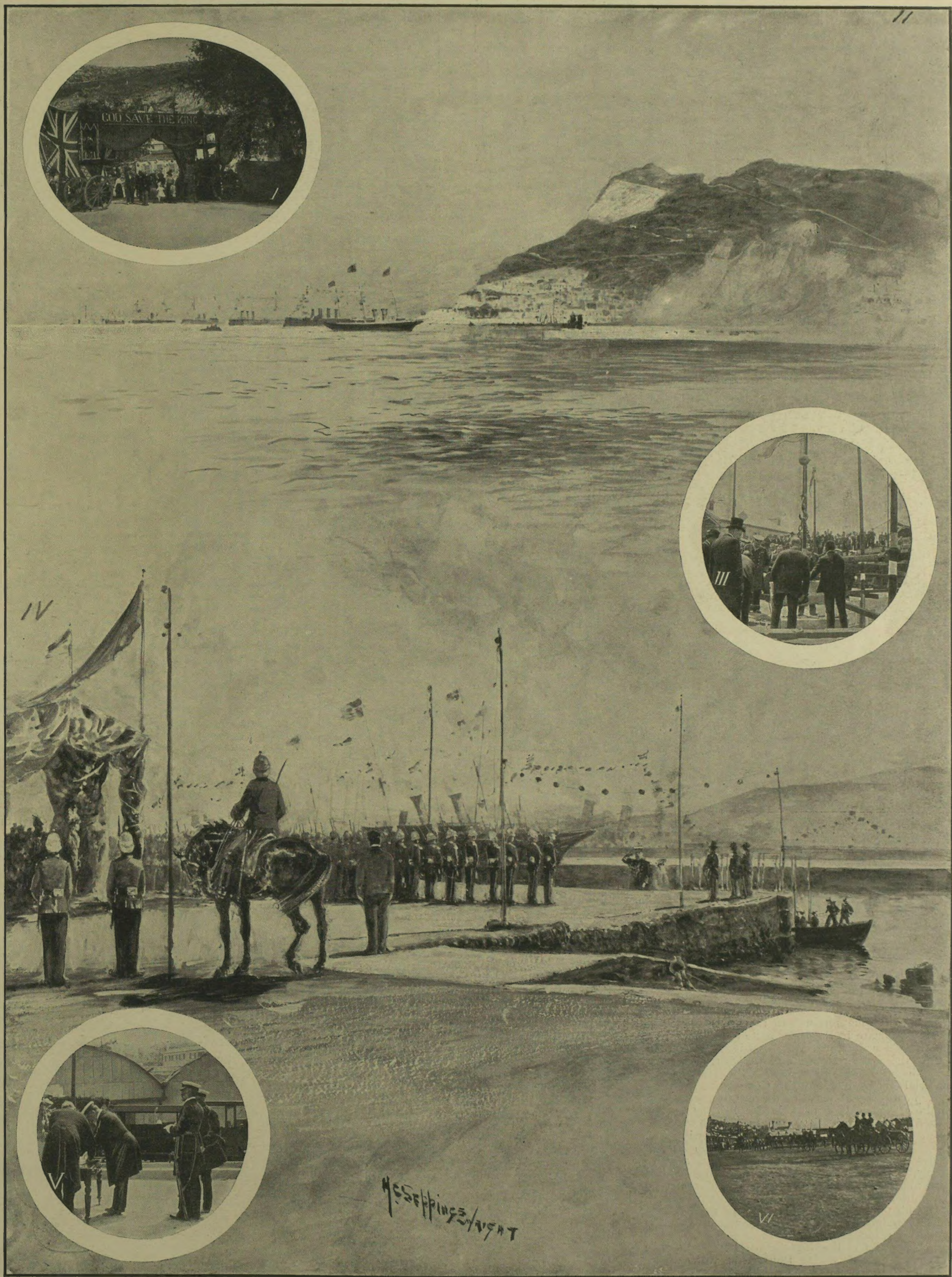
4. A Kinsman of the Dinosaur: Skeleton (Restored) of the *Diplodocus Carnegii*.

5. The Teeth of a Sauropodous Dinosaur.

THE NEWLY DISCOVERED REMAINS OF THE LARGEST FOUR-FOOTED ENGLISH ANIMAL: THE SAUROPODOUS DINOSAUR, NOW AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

THE KING'S TOUR: SCENES OF THE VISIT TO GIBRALTAR, APRIL 8-13.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING HIS MAJESTY.



I. DECORATIONS AT THE ARTILLERY BARRACKS.

II. THE ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL YACHT AT GIBRALTAR.

III. THE KING LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW DOCK NO. 3, ON APRIL 9.

IV. KING EDWARD'S LANDING AT "THE ROCK": HIS MAJESTY INSPECTING THE GUARD-OF-HONOUR.

V. AFTER THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE: HIS MAJESTY SIGNING THE VISITORS' BOOK AT THE NAVAL WORKS.

VI. THE KING'S LANDING: HIS MAJESTY DRIVING AWAY FROM THE QUAY.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE KING'S TOUR.

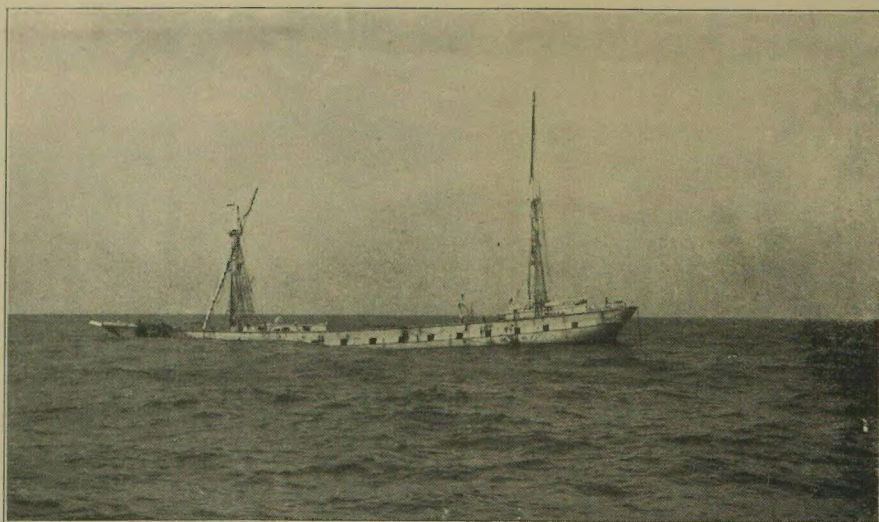
(See Supplement.)

The Campo Pequeno, the great bull-ring at Lisbon, was on April 6 the scene of a brilliant spectacle, when a tourada, as the modified bull-fight is called in Portugal, was held in presence of King Edward and Dom Carlos. All the accessories of a national festival contributed to the picture. Outside the amphitheatre the scene was of the busiest, and within the great enclosure had assembled the gayest of holiday crowds. In the royal box, which was elaborately decorated with draperies and flowers, appeared Dom Carlos and King Edward, accompanied by the Queen Dowager, Dom Alfonso, the Marquis de Soveral, and the members of the suite. Each King wore the undress military uniform of his royal cousin's country. The performance began with the ceremonial entry of the chief performers. Heralded by drum and trumpet, the cavalleiros made their appearance in the arena in two splendid state coaches. Their horses, richly caparisoned, were led behind. Descending, the cavalleiros bowed to the royal box and then retired. The other performers then entered, banderilleiros in many-coloured cloaks and black velvet caps, and campinos with long bamboo lances. The cavalleiros, who had now mounted their horses, returned, and advanced across the arena to salute the royal party and the general spectators. Thereupon the so-called "fight" began. A fine bull was let loose in the enclosure, and at once charged the horsemen, who deftly evaded his attack and stuck darts covered with

Dock No. 3. On concluding his inspection, his Majesty signed the visitors' book which was kept at the works. The same afternoon, at a garden-party given at the Convent, Sir George White's residence, the King planted a memorial tree. On the 10th the King, escorted by Sir George White, visited the fortifications on "the Rock." The following day a review of the naval and military forces was held. His Majesty left Gibraltar on April 13, and the next day the squadron was saluted off Algiers by the Russian, Italian, and Spanish war-ships.

THE DUTCH STRIKE.

In various parts of the Continent the labour question has been very acute. On April 6 the Dutch railwaymen proclaimed a general strike, and the railway-lines and stations were immediately placed under military supervision. The railway companies had fortunately



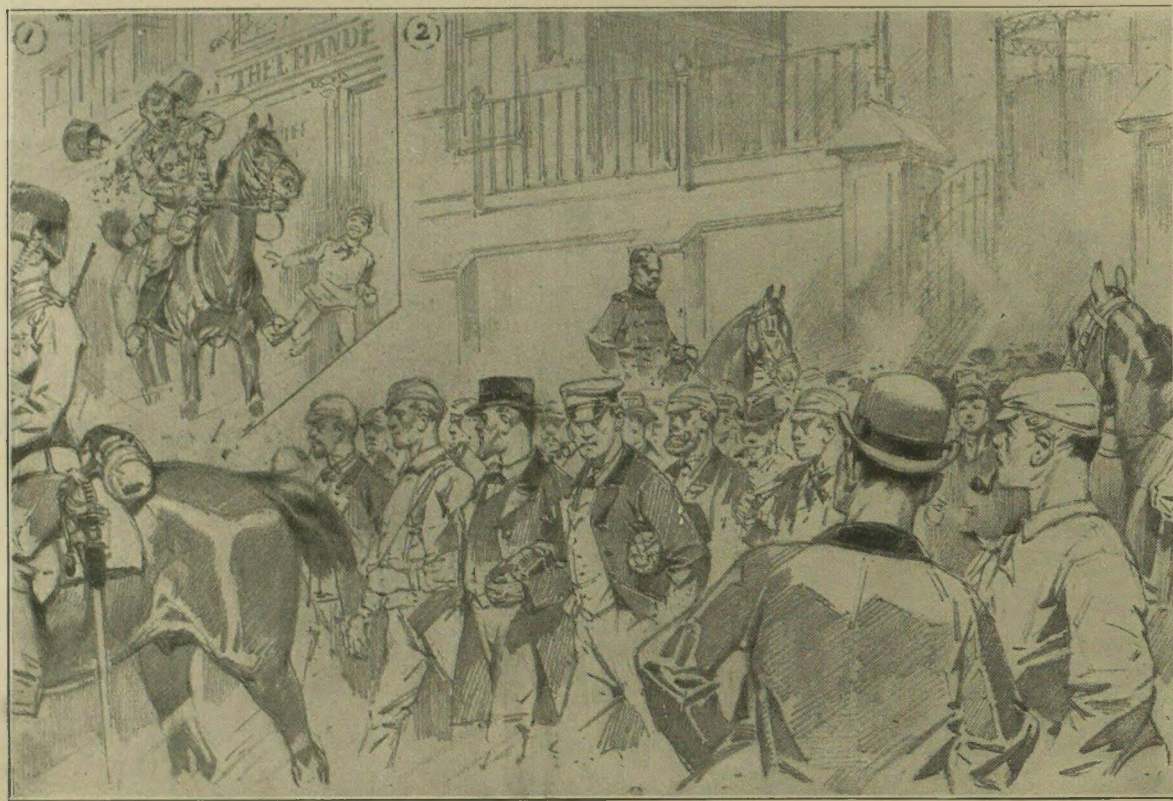
SALVAGE BY ONE OF THE KING'S ESCORTING CRUISERS: A NORWEGIAN DERELICT IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

The steel-masted vessel "Syvstjerne," of Sarpsborg, was deserted by her crew on March 9, during a hurricane, off the western coast of Sardinia. She was picked up on April 5 by H.M.S. "Bacchante," which has escorted the King to Malta, and was towed to Philippeville, in Algeria.

soldiers who did the work of shunting. Crowds gathered in the streets of Amsterdam, and were in certain cases dispersed by the police with drawn swords. The strike was never very enthusiastically organised, and on April 8 about ninety per cent. of the employés presented themselves at the depôt and desired to resume work. On April 10 the general strike ceased, but the authorities took stringent measures to prevent any recurrence of disorder. Among the humorous incidents which our Artist has noted is that of the milkman whose two sons, both employed at the gasworks, refused to strike. The wife of a neighbouring striker visited the iniquity of the children upon the father.

SOMALILAND.

The Mullah continues his policy of strategic movements to the rear, and has been reported as having moved from Wal Wal to Dik, a point farther to the north-west. The fanatical leader is driven to adopt this course from the fact that the Abyssinians are co-operating with our troops, and preclude all possibility of a movement towards the south; and there is no longer any fear of his invading Italian territory. A base has been established at Galkayu, and stores and reinforcements are being rapidly pushed through to the small garrisons which the main column leaves as it proceeds. All the wells and water-holes between Galadi and Galkayu are now in our possession, and the route between these is therefore safe. With regard to the fatigues of the main body in its advance from Obbia, Mr. Melton Prior writes, in notes accompanying the sketches in our Supplement: "When the main column under Colonel Fasken left Obbia, we started at six a.m. and marched till 12.30. The next day we marched till one p.m., but the heat told so heavily on the foot soldiers that the Colonel decided to march at night. This course was rendered easier because there was a moon." In the same letter, which is dated March 16, our correspondent says: "We are stuck at Dibit for want of transport, but we go to the front at Galkayu on the 18th. Our Colonel and staff have been working all day to ascertain how we can go forward with the transport we have. As it is a six days' march—four of these without water—it is a bad look-out. Here at Dibit there is a great scarcity of water. I am allowed two gallons per day for myself and one for servants for all purposes. The water reminds one of Harrogate or Homburg."



1. A Forcible Argument. 2. Cavalry Escorting Non-Strikers from the Gasworks.

THE DUTCH STRIKE: SCENES OF THE AGITATION.

Sketches by H. W. Koekkoek, our Special Artist in Holland.

tissue-paper frillings into his neck. He leaped the barrier, and on being brought back the campinos hurled themselves upon him and tried to leap between his horns, which had been fitted with knobbed sheaths to render them harmless. After a time the bull was led away, and another took his place. Neither man nor horse was even scratched in the course of the play, which was sufficiently exciting to watch. On the following day, King Edward, amid manifestations of friendship as great as those which had marked his welcome, took leave of Dom Carlos and of Portuguese soil. The procession returned to the landing-place at Black Horse Square by the same route as that followed on the King's arrival, but state carriages were used instead of the ancient state coaches. On reaching the Square, the two monarchs entered the Hall of the Commercial Tribunal, where the Commercial Associations, representing all parts of the country, presented an address, which was read in English by Senhor Simoes Almeida, President of the Lisbon Chamber of Commerce. The document recalled the colonising and civilising work which had for centuries been carried on under the British and Portuguese flags, and, in his reply, King Edward remarked that one of his dearest aims and objects was the integrity of the two countries and their colonies—words which were greeted with particular enthusiasm by the audience.

The Sovereigns then walked to the quay, where the farewells were spoken, and the royal galley conveyed the two monarchs to the *Victoria and Albert*, where they lunched. Before taking leave, King Edward proposed with great cordiality the health of Dom Carlos, whom he thanked for his kind welcome. The King of Portugal responded, assuring his Majesty of the loyalty of his people's friendship for Great Britain and her Sovereign. Shortly afterwards Dom Carlos went ashore. The yacht then sailed for Gibraltar. On April 8 the King was welcomed at Gibraltar by the Governor, Sir George White, and received an address from the Chamber of Commerce. On the following evening, at a banquet, his Majesty marked his visit in the pleasantest manner by announcing his intention of promoting the defender of Ladysmith to the rank of Field-Marshal.

On April 9 the King visited the works of the new docks at Gibraltar and laid the corner-stone of

a sufficient number of non-strikers available, so they were able to run a restricted service of trains. At various points the ordinary railway-servants were reinforced by



3. "Milk and Water": The Ill-Used Milkman and the Striker's Wife. 4. Of the Official World. 5. "I'd Sooner Starve Than Work." 6. The Repression of Juvenile Turbulence. 7. Types of Labour Politicians.

THE DUTCH STRIKE: SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

Sketches by H. W. Koekkoek, our Special Artist in Holland.

PERSONAL.

The question as to whether King Edward will visit the Pope or not seems to rest on considerations of etiquette. The German Emperor on his approaching visit to Rome will call on the Pontiff; but that is an easier matter than for King Edward, for Prussia has an Ambassador at the Vatican, while Great Britain has not. The King could not drive thither in one of King Victor Emanuel's carriages. The suggested solution that the King should start from one of the priestly seminaries has been set aside from the consideration that, in British eyes, these institutions are revolutionary.

It does seem as if the 'Thirty Years' War in Achene had come to an end. The Sultan of Achene is reported to have made his submission to the Dutch. It does not appear how this strikes the Dutch journalists who asked us to restore the independence of the Boers.

Sir George Stuart White, whose appointment to the highest rank in the British Army has caused so much



SIR GEORGE STUART WHITE, V.C., G.C.M.G.,
New Field-Marshal.

well-justified satisfaction, has been Governor of Gibraltar since 1900. Born on July 6, 1835, the son of the late Mr. J. R. White, D.L. of County Antrim, he was educated at Sandhurst, and entered the Army in 1853. His war record is both long and honourable. He served in the Indian Mutiny with the 27th Inniskillings, and in the Afghan War of 1878-80 with the Gordon Highlanders; was present at the battle of Charasiab, where he earned his V.C., the occupation of Kabul, the expedition to Maidan, Sharpur, and the capture of Takti-Shah; was in the famous march from Kabul to Kandahar, and the Nile Expedition of 1884-85; commanded a brigade in Burma in 1885 and 1886; led the expedition into Zhob, and in the recent war in South Africa set a seal on his already high reputation by his gallant defence of besieged Ladysmith. Sir George White's official positions have included that of Military Secretary to the Viceroy of India, A.A.Q.G. in Egypt, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in India, and Quartermaster-General to the Forces. He married Amy, daughter of the Ven. Joseph Baly, Archdeacon of Calcutta, in 1874.

The Independent Labour party continues to proclaim its undying hostility to Liberalism. Mr. Keir Hardie says there will be fifty Labour candidates at the next General Election, and possibly a hundred, and that the Liberal party will be extinguished by the revolt of the working-classes.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who has been elected member for Camborne, was born at Brayton on Sept. 4, 1829, the eldest son of the late Sir Wilfrid Lawson, first Baronet, and Caroline, daughter of Sir James Graham, of Netherby, and succeeded to the title and estates in 1867. He represented Carlisle from 1859 to 1865 and from 1868 to 1885, and in the latter year unsuccessfully contested the Cockerham Division of Cumberland. In the following year he recontested the division, which he represented until 1900. Sir Wilfrid

owns some 8300 acres and is a magistrate for his county. Best known to the general public as an ardent advocate of temperance, he is also recognised by the members of the House of Commons as a wit with the gift of rhyme, and there is little doubt that his election will frequently result in the enlivenment of what might otherwise be dull sittings. Sir Wilfrid married the third daughter of Mr. J. Pocklington Senhouse in 1860.

The Military Committee of inquiry into officers' expenses has made some drastic recommendations. Luxuries like inter-regimental polo are to be prohibited. No regiment will be allowed to keep a pack of hounds. Colonels are to prevent wealthy officers from setting the scale of expenditure. The whole bias of military reform, it may be remarked, is towards a great increase in the personal responsibility of Colonels.

The Rev. W. Hardy Harwood will, it is hoped, succeed the late Rev. W. J. Woods as Secretary of the Congregational Union. His name is the only one which will be submitted to the Spring Assembly, which meets in London on May 11. Mr. Harwood is considering the matter, but it is uncertain whether he will be persuaded to leave his very prosperous charge at Union Chapel, Islington.

The recently instituted appointment of Director of Naval Education has been filled by the selection of

Dr. James Alfred Ewing, Professor of Applied Mechanics and Mechanism in the University of Cambridge since 1890. Professor Ewing is the third son of the late Rev. James Ewing, and was born at Dundee on March 27, 1855. Educated at the High School of his native city, and at Edinburgh University, he was trained as an engineer, and, after taking part in a number of telegraph-cable expeditions, was appointed in 1878 Professor of Mechanical Engineering in the University of Tokio. This position he held until 1883, when he became Professor of Engineering in University College, Dundee. Professor Ewing has made a special study of electricity, particularly magnetism, and has written a number of papers on that and subjects of a similar nature. The Royal Society recognised his work by the bestowal of the Royal Medal in 1895.

Mr. John Morley, addressing his constituents, declared that the war was due to the "mismanagement of trifles." He drew a gloomy picture of the national finance, but praised the Irish Land Bill, and agreed with Mr. John Redmond that it ought not to be mixed up with Home Rule.

Yung-lu, who died at Peking on April 11, has more than once been credited with being the power behind the Chinese throne, and there is little doubt that, after the death of Li-Hung-Chang, he became one of the most influential of the Empress Dowager's advisers. In the disturbances of 1900 he played a prominent part, in the early stages of the Boxer movement urging his imperial mistress not to tempt the Powers too much, afterwards agreeing with the attack on the Legations, and eventually accompanying the Empress in her flight on the arrival of the relieving forces. Born in the Manchu region, and a member of Prince Ch'un's household, Yung-lu early became a personage in his native land, and filled a number of important official posts. In December 1894 he became a member of the Tsung-li-Yamen and Commandant of Peking, and later, in turn, President of the Board of War, Assistant Grand Secretary, Viceroy of Chi-li, Grand Secretary, and Generalissimo of the army in Chi-li. His part in the Palace revolution of 1898 has never been precisely defined, but it is worthy of note that one of the first acts of the Dowager-Empress was to appoint him Imperial High Commissioner in command of the forces in Northern China. At the time of his death he was Controller of Finances and First Secretary.

The Hon. Arthur Ralph Douglas Elliot, M.P. for the city of Durham, has been appointed to succeed Mr. Hayes Fisher. The new Financial Secretary to the Treasury, who is the second son of the third Earl of Minto, and brother to the present Earl, was born on Dec. 17, 1846. Educated at Edinburgh University and at Trinity College, Cambridge, he was called to the Bar in 1880, and practised on the Northern Circuit. From 1880 until 1886 he was member for Roxburghshire in the Liberal interest, and from 1886 until 1892 in the Liberal Unionist interest. In the latter year he was defeated by the Hon. Mark Napier, and in 1895 was beaten at Durham by a single vote. He has been editor of the *Edinburgh Review* since 1895. Mr. Elliot married Madeleine, daughter of Sir Charles Lister Ryan, K.C.B., in 1888.

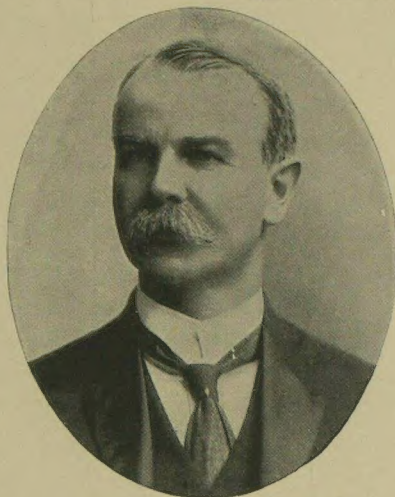


Photo. Lafayette.
PROFESSOR J. A. EWING, LL.D.,
Director of Naval Education.



Photo. Chusseau-Flaviens.
THE LATE YUNG-LU,
Chinese Diplomatist.

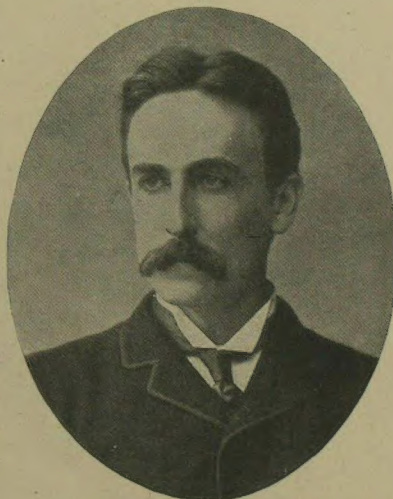


Photo. Russell.
THE HON. ARTHUR R. D. ELLIOT, M.P.,
New Financial Secretary to the Treasury.

The late Prebendary Kitto had for many years been a prominent figure in the social as well as the religious life of West London. He was closely connected with hospital work. During his early years, when he held the Rectory of Whitechapel, he took an active interest in the London Hospital, and while Vicar of St. Martin's he was one of the most valued counsellors in the affairs of Charing Cross Hospital. He was a strong Evangelical, and a thorough man of business. It was Bishop Temple who, in 1886, nominated him to the Vicarage of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, a parish which still retains a population of over eight thousand. St. Martin's is one of the richer London benefices, and it is expected that deductions will now be made in favour of neighbouring churches. A correspondent of the *Times* has suggested that St. Martin's should, for the future, be the seat of the Suffragan Bishop for West London. Dr. Ridgeway is now obliged to travel every day from Bishopsgate to his special district.

Sir Evelyn Wood, one of the two new Field-M Marshals, is an Essex man, and was born on Feb. 9, 1838, the

youngest son of the late Rev. Sir John Page Wood, Bart., and Caroline, daughter of Admiral Sampson Michell. Educated at Marlborough, he was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1874, passed at the Staff College, and in 1852 entered the premier service, serving with the Naval Brigade during the Crimea, and being severely wounded while carrying a scaling-ladder to the Redan. In 1855 he joined the 13th Light Dragoons, three years later went through the Indian Campaign with the 17th Lancers, and in December 1859 was awarded the V.C. After service in the Ashantee, Kaffir, Zulu, and Transvaal Wars from 1879 till 1881, he commanded the Chatham District in 1882 and 1883, raised the Egyptian Army in the latter year, served in the Nile Expedition of 1894 and 1895, commanded the Eastern District from 1886 till 1888, and the Aldershot Division from 1889 till 1893, was Quartermaster-General to the Forces from 1897 till 1901, and has since been Commander of the Second Army Corps. He married the Hon. Mary Paulina Southwell in 1867.

M. Stcherbina, the Russian Consul at Mitrovitz, in Albania, has died of the wound he received from an Albanian soldier in the Turkish service. This creates a fresh complication in the Balkan problem. Russia demands the execution of the murderer, but it is said that the Sultan is too much in awe of his Albanian bodyguard to comply.

Mr. William Hayes Fisher, whose resignation of the office of Financial Secretary to the Treasury has been the cause of much stir and considerable sympathy in political circles, had only held the position he now gives up since last year. Mr. Hayes Fisher, who is the eldest son of the late Rev. Frederick Fisher, was born at Downham in 1853, and was educated at Haileybury and at University College, Oxford, where he graduated in the Classical and Legal Honours School in 1876. Three years later he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple; in 1886 and 1887 he was honorary private secretary to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and from 1887 until 1892 to Mr. Balfour; from 1893 until 1902 he was Junior Lord of the Treasury and a Ministerial Whip; and he has represented Fulham since 1885. Mr. Fisher married Florence Fisher, his cousin, in 1895.

A denial has been given to the reports which have appeared in the Press that the Sultan of Morocco and his entourage are deeply dejected by the state of affairs. On the contrary, it is asserted that they are hopeful and confident, while the Pretender is no longer considered of any account. Since his defeat by the Shereefian troops, Bu Hamara has not been heard of in the district between Fez and Taza.

Great activity prevails in the Transvaal gold-fields, and the pegging-out of claims has been carried out without disorder under the eye of the constabulary. The signal for beginning the pegging was given by the firing of rifles, and no peg could be driven until the appointed moment. At Klerksdorp 15,000 claims were pegged in half an hour. At Wilgepoort there were so many competitors that the measurements of the ground were done to a fraction.



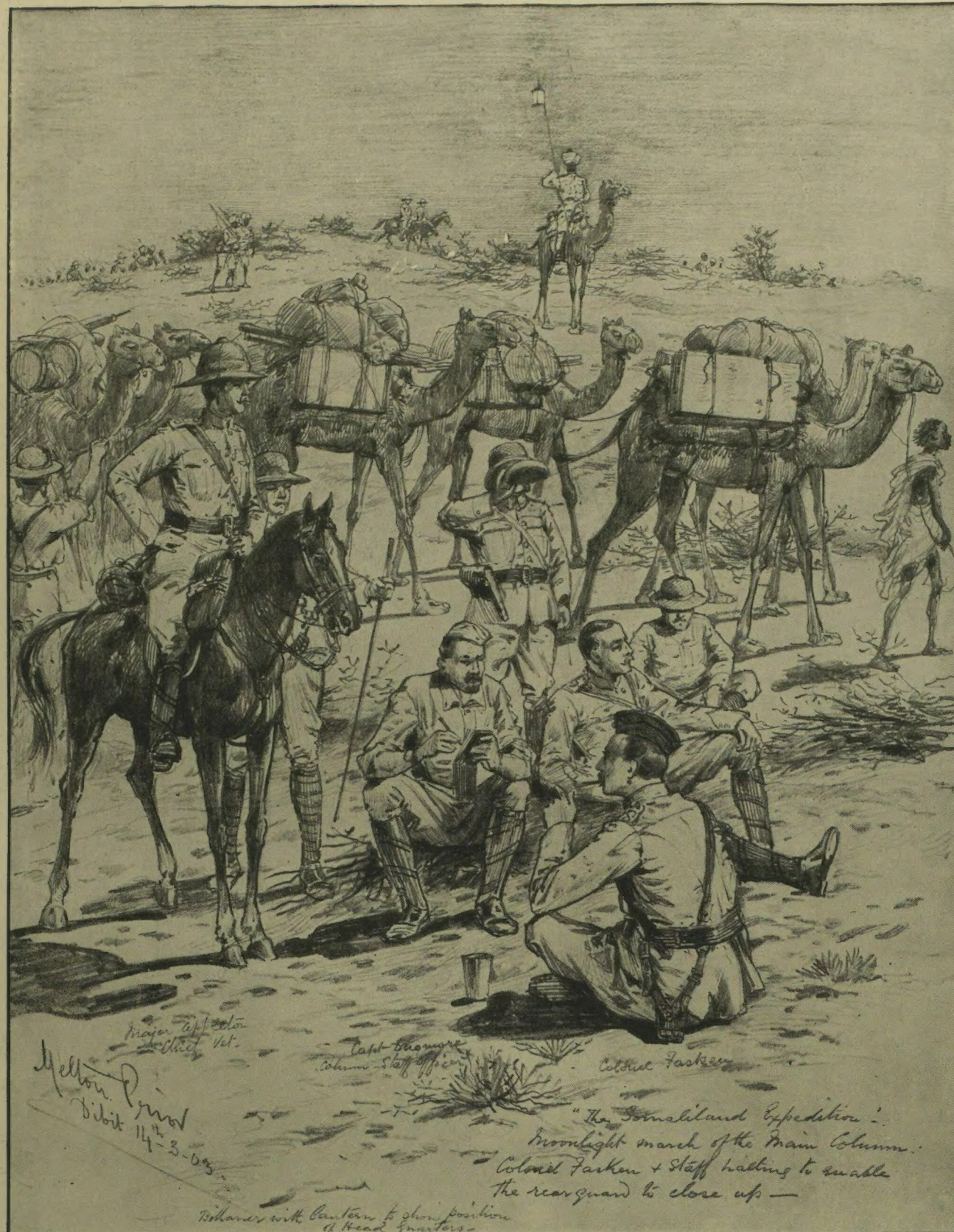
Photo. Russell.
SIR EVELYN WOOD, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G.,
New Field-Marshal.



Photo. Russell.
MR. W. HAYES FISHER, M.P.,
Ex-Financial Secretary to the Treasury.

THE SOMALILAND EXPEDITION: THE ADVANCE OF THE MAIN COLUMN FROM OBBIA.

SKETCHES (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE EXPEDITION.



A MOONLIGHT MARCH: COLONEL FASKEN AND STAFF HALTING TO ENABLE THE REARGUARD TO CLOSE UP ON HEADQUARTERS, INDICATED BY A BIKANER CAMEL CORPS MAN WITH A LANTERN.



THE RUSH FOR WATER DURING A HALT: A SCENE AT THE WELL OF DIBIT.



COLONEL FASKEN AND STAFF ARRANGING HOW TO ADVANCE FROM DIBIT WITH INADEQUATE TRANSPORT.

Mr. Melton Prior notes that after the long, thirsty march from Obbia there was something like a fight for water at the Well of Dibit. He illustrates the method of watering the camels by means of a hose and force-pump. At Dibit the column was short of transport, but the commander made a special effort to push forward with what he had.

A SLIPPED CABLE.

By WALTER WOOD.



Illustrated by GUNNING KING.

"AS between captain an' captain—I'll put it that way—you won't find a tighter craft on the coast. Come an' look at 'er—she's layin' just above the bridge."

The skipper spoke engagingly, and turned towards the cabin-door with an air of invitation.

"Not now," replied the captain. "I will have her looked at to-morrow morning. Good-night." He began to examine some papers that were lying near him.

For a full minute the skipper remained standing. Then he said, "This is no case for one of your lieutenants—it's a case for you. Come now, if you'll examine 'er to-night I'll get a coble alongside an' row you up."

"Make yourself scarce, my good man," exclaimed the captain. "If the yawl is what I want, I'll engage you; if not, I shall get another. Bilton," he called.

"Yes, Sir," said a smart seaman, entering and saluting.

"Show this man ashore."

"Yes, Sir," said Bilton, again saluting.

He tapped the skipper on the arm, and pointed to the companion-ladder. "'Op it, old cock," he said in a low voice.

"I suppose I can take a 'int as well as most

men," answered the skipper, in suppressed fury. "I suppose I've 'ad a 'int now. I'll take it, though I don't think it the sort o' 'int one captain ought to give to another. I can find my own way off this steam-boat; an' I'll thank you, young man, not to call me old cock. I've felled a chap afore to-day for less than that."

He glanced balefully at the captain, who took no notice of him, and then went on deck and crossed the gangway to the pier. Bilton followed him. "Look 'ere," he said, "if you've got axes to grind, you ought to remember one or two things; an' the first is that the *Briton* is a ship of the Royal Navy—she isn't a steam-boat."

"Well?" said the skipper.

"The next is that there's a difference between our boss an' you. I won't wound your feelin's, but you're no class, you know."

"We're both captains," growled the skipper.

"Well, yes, in a way; but you're diff'rent. Ours doesn't get his dinner till seven o'clock, an' all that sort o' thing." Bilton said "an' all that sort o' thing" in a comprehensive manner. It meant everything that was left unspoken. "An' ours," added Bilton casually, when his first shot had struck home, "has shook 'ands

with the King, an' 'ad 'is tea with the Royal Fam'ly. Now, you've never done that!"

"Maybe not; but I know a man 'at's seen the Prince o' Wales," snapped the skipper. "Do you drink beer?"

"Does a duck swim?" inquired Bilton pleasantly.

"Then come to the Brig an' Anchor," said the skipper.

"You order a thirsty an' obedient man," rejoined Bilton. "Brig an' Anchor! Ah, they keep proper beer there, they do! An' as for anchors—well, you just wait an' see the sort you'll get on board your yawl—that is, if you get the job. I'll bet the anchor an' cable'll be worth more than your yawl with all 'er gear an' spars thrown in."

Half an hour later, when the malt liquor at the Brig and Anchor had mellowed Bilton's temperament, he was good enough to promise to use his personal influence with the captain to secure for the skipper the appointment which he sought; and that was to act as marking-boat to H.M.S. *Briton* in her work of surveying part of the North Sea.

"You see," said Bilton, "when we're out o' sight o' land, we want a' object to work by, an' we always get a chap like you—hire you, lock, stock, and barril.



"You said something about anchors an' cables," he added, when Bilton was deep in his tankard.

Your work's simple an' easy enough—you just stick where you're told, an' we do the rest. You know—press-the-button business."

The skipper laughed, not because he understood the allusion, but because he saw that it was expected of him. "You're a funny one, you are," he said.

"Just what the captain said, only 'e put it more literary: 'The Royal Navy got a good fool in you, Bilton, an' the circus lost a clever clown.' Them's his words."

"Your captain's a trifle 'aughty, isn't 'e, an' a bit distant?" queried the skipper.

"Unless you're intimate with 'im—yes," admitted Bilton. "Now I—well, if I was to say I could twist 'im round my little finger, you mightn't believe it; yet it's the truth. It's familiarity 'at does it. Many's the joke I crack with the Old Man."

"Ave another pot o' beer," said the skipper. "You said something about anchors an' cables," he added, when Bilton was deep in his tankard.

"Yes, all that's our shout—the Royal Navy," answered the seaman. "When you're spendin' 'undrids of millions, as I might say, what's a' anchor an' cable?"

"A trifle," answered the skipper readily.

"Not even that," asserted Bilton. "I should say the gear we shall provide you with'll be worth two 'undrid pound, if it's worth a penny. So if you get the job you'll be careful with it, won't you?"

"I will, I will," the skipper assured him. "If you're goin' straight back to the steam-boat—"

"Ship," interrupted Bilton correctingly.

"Ship," said the skipper, "you might speak a word for me before 'e turns in."

"Right," responded Bilton.

He went back to the *Briton*, and forgot all about the skipper and the yawl until he heard that they had been engaged by the captain; then, seeking out the skipper, he demanded, and obtained, further refreshment at the Brig and Anchor, on the ground that the appointment was due to his own direct and personal influence with the chief.

"It's a solemn trust you've got, skipper," Bilton said. "I don't mean in the yawl, but in the Government stores you'll 'ave aboard of her. An' then the work—you ought to feel proud, for you're a sort o' Royal Navy man, for the time, bearin' your share of your country's burden—

So now, old skipper,
I'll take your flippers,
An' together we'll go
A-surveyin' the deep.

"How d'ye like that for poetry, eh?"

The skipper said he had a high opinion of it, as indeed he had.

"Thirty bob a day is what you'll get," continued Bilton, "an' the job's for two month certain. That's for yourself and the yawl, mind you; the rest is done by the Royal Navy. You'll have two or three of us on board under your orders. What price our generosity, eh? Ought to keep you on the free side o' jail, oughtn't it?"

The skipper involuntarily shuddered. His thoughts were running on anchors and cables in a manner that made any allusion to a prison offensive.

"Thirty bob a day," continued Bilton. "Here's a bit o' mental arithmetic for you: seven nought's nought, seven three's and nought's twenty-one—two 'undrid an' ten shillin's—ten pound ten—ten guineas. There you are—ten guineas a week for two month. That's eight tens is eighty—eighty guineas—eighty-four pound. By George!"

"An' the anchor an' cable," added the skipper eagerly.

"Anchor an' cable?" repeated Bilton, puzzled. "What d'ye mean?"

"Nothing, nothing—it slipped, that's all."

"Slipped," said the astonished seaman. "What are you drivin' at?"

"Nothing," answered the skipper helplessly. "It was only a thought 'at slipped."

"If you don't make the Royal Navy's anchors grip a bit better nor your ideas, you'll be in a poor way, that's all I can say," observed Bilton severely; and with this he rose and returned to the *Briton*.

A week later, the *Briton*, fifty miles from shore, was peacefully conducting her surveying work. Near her the skipper's yawl was anchored—the *Blue Riband*, they called her—and on board of her, amongst the men who had been sent from the *Briton*, was Bilton. The surveying went on from day to day for six weeks, and it became monotonous. The *Blue Riband* remained where she was, at anchor, while the *Briton* ran to port two or three times. To the skipper and his own men, accustomed to the long periods at sea which trawling had demanded of them for many years, the time passed smoothly. The weather was gloriously fine, and the thirty shillings a day made handsome payment for them. But Bilton chafed at what he called imprisonment and took a dislike to being cooped up on board the yawl. "It'll be a fine day for me," he observed, "when we can get the anchor up an' start for home."

"Aye, get the anchor up, or slip the cable," said the skipper.

"You're mad—dotty," remarked Bilton. "When a 'uman mind goes 'arpin' on a single idee it's evidence

of mental decay. You've gone barmy on slippin' cables, an' I'm sorry for you."

He disappeared, and the skipper, looking round to make sure that he was not observed, slapped his thigh and murmured, "I'll let it go in the very first breeze that blows. I've thought it all out, an' it's right. They shouldn't place temptation in the way o' sinners, that's all. I'll slip the cable an' let the buoy go well under, so's it won't watch, an' then, when the matter's quietened down an' is forgot, I'll come out with the *Blue Ribbin*, trawl for the cable, pick it up—an' sell it an' the anchor for my own profit. Unless I'm forced to do it I won't take that scoundrel Bilton in. Oh for a spell o' mucky weather!"

Such a wish had never before been uttered by the skipper. Unlike most of his desires, this was to be fulfilled. The *Briton* had again gone back to port, leaving the yawl to await her return. In her absence there was a break in the weather. The skipper with deep satisfaction watched the falling of the barometer. He looked anxiously at the sky. The brilliant blue and white was becoming obscured by enormous clouds from the west, and the wind moaned and whistled over the sea. The horizon in the east was a long blue-grey line, rising, as it seemed, from the leaden water. Soon even this and the blue sky and fleecy clouds were blotted out, and there was nothing overhead but signs of evil weather. The whistling of the wind grew shriller, and there was rapid whitening of the growing waves. Rumbles of thunder were heard, then flashes of lightning rent the lowering skies, and a fierce little storm broke.

In the deluge of rain and turmoil of tempest the skipper carried out the scheme which until now he had been perfecting in his mind. He sent Bilton and the rest below, and they descended willingly. "I've known men get killed on board ship in weather that wasn't as shabby," he said. "There's no need for more than one man to be on deck at a time like this; an' for choice, an' because I'm the skipper, I'm goin' to be that man. Get below."

"Not a bad sort of old man," shouted Bilton, making himself snug near the stove in the little cabin. He had pulled the hood of the hatch over as he went down the short companion-ladder, so that they should be nice and dry. He had to shout, because by this time the wind was roaring about the smack, and she was groaning and creaking as she strained at the anchor.

Suddenly the *Blue Riband* gave a bound—a long, free scend, which told the practised Bilton that she was no longer held by chain or anchor. He rushed on deck, "What yer done?" he shouted.

"Slipped the cable. I had to," answered the skipper, roaring also.

"Where's the buoy?" demanded Bilton.

"Overboard," was the reply.

"It isn't watchin'," cried Bilton. He looked over the bows. "D'ye know what yer done, old man? You've let the whole lot go! That chain an' anchor'll never be seen again. The buoy's fathoms deep under the water. You dodderin' old idiot! You've lost the country two 'undrid pound worth of vallyable property! Two 'undrid pound!"

He smote the skipper twice on the back as he shouted "two." There was a flash of lightning and a crash of thunder; at the same instant a lurch of the smack tore the tiller from the skipper's hands and knocked him over.

"I'm killed!" shouted the skipper.

"You'll live to get three month for it, an' me to be kicked out o' the Navy," shouted Bilton.

"You go below! I'll talk to you when you're sober!" vociferated the skipper, rising to his feet. "I'm captain o' this 'ere ship. Go below!"

The instinct of discipline prevailed. Besides, Bilton was too much astounded to retaliate, and without a word he returned to the cabin, and the skipper fastened them down until the squall had passed.

At midnight, when the shore lights were showing, the skipper and Bilton were talking earnestly in whispers by the tiller, which was held by the master.

"You're agreeable," inquired the skipper, "after what I've said?"

"Yes," whispered Bilton. "After all, it's only robbin' the country, an' the country's like a railway or a corporation—it 'asn't a conscience. 'Ow'll you get it?"

"Wi' the trawl," answered the skipper. "I know just where it is, an' I'll fetch it up as sure as I'm captain o' the *Blue Ribbin*. It's worth two 'undrid pound—"

"Approximate," interrupted Bilton cautiously.

"You said two 'undrid," persisted the skipper.

"Did I? Well, say a 'undrid—that'll be fifty apiece."

"Right, call it so. We won't bring it ashore 'ere to sell."

"Not much."

"I know a man in Yarmouth who'll trade with us."

"An' I know one in Wappin'," added Bilton. "I was born not far from Wappin'."

"I can't go sailin' into London River on a job like this," said the skipper. "It'll 'ave to be Yarmouth."

"Make it so," said Bilton. "I can't be with you; but send me my share in gold or postal orders, mind you, to this address, if we shouldn't 'appen to be layin' in your old 'arbour when you've done the deal."

He gave a slip of paper bearing his address to the skipper, and they entered the harbour.

When the captain of the *Briton* knew what had happened, he raved exceedingly. He condemned the skipper, the yawl, Bilton, and everybody and everything else, and talked about an action at law to recover the cost of the lost cable and anchor from the skipper. But he ended by compelling him to return to sea until the contract period was over; then he paid him off, and told him, in free language, what he thought of him.

Soon afterwards the skipper got to sea again, this time on a fishing trip. But it was noticed that he did not shoot his trawl until he was at the spot where he had been stationed on surveying duty for so many weeks. This spot he identified, in good North Sea fashion, by means of the lead, and his energy was rewarded by the trawl catching on the buoy of the lost property. Ultimately the anchor and cable were hauled on board, and the skipper steered the *Blue Riband* for Yarmouth Roads. Anchored there, he went ashore and had a secret meeting with the dealer of whom he had spoken to Bilton.

"An' it's the property o' the Royal Navy, eh?" said the dealer.

"Not exactly that—it's salvage," answered the skipper uneasily. "If anything, it's the country's property—our own, you know, as we're ratepayers."

"It's got a dashed dicky look about it," said the dealer, when the skipper in his simplicity had told him all. "An' if the Admiralty have you up afore 'em it'll be little short of a lifer."

"Don't," pleaded the skipper, with a shudder.

"I'd better not touch it," said the dealer, making as if he would walk off.

The skipper was chilled with fear. "It's worth two 'undrid pound," he whispered, clinging to Bilton's first boast.

The dealer hesitated. The property certainly was of real value, and he had a ready market for it.

"Two 'undrid pound!" he laughed. "You mean shillin's."

"Pounds," asserted the skipper.

"Look 'ere," said the dealer, after a pause which to the seller was agonising. "I'll give you fifty."

"Done!" exclaimed the skipper eagerly. "I'll take it with me."

The dealer said "Very well," and put two sovereigns and a half on the table. "There you are," he added, with the air of a man who was doing a noble deed.

The skipper gasped. "What!" he cried, "fifty shillin's!"

"Of course," rejoined the dealer; "what d'ye suppose I meant?"

"Dash it!" exclaimed the skipper furiously. He smote the table and the coins danced.

The dealer jumped back in alarm.

"You're a rogue!" shouted the skipper.

"Repeat them words," said the dealer severely, "an' I'll fetch a bobby."

The skipper apologised promptly, humbly, and profusely. He had spoken, he said, in the heat of the moment.

"You've drove me," continued the dealer, "to go back on my offer. You can leave the stuff an' let me sell it on commission, or you can take it back with you. I'd rather you took it."

"I'll leave it," said the subdued skipper. "Do the best you can—an', whatever you do, don't let on. It 'ud be bad for a lot of us."

"Don't include me, please," said the dealer, accompanying his client to the door. "If there's to be any jailin' I'm not havin' any—remember that. Good-night."

He watched the skipper go down to the beach and followed him. Having seen him enter his boat to return to the smack, he hastened to a steamer which was lying at the quayside, and invited the master, a foreign gentleman, to go with him to the store.

"Just the thing you want," he said, displaying the cable and anchor; "an' positively thrown at you for twenty pound."

The master of the tramp clinched the bargain, which was a good one, and one on which he could make a reasonable profit out of his employers, and had the things taken on board that night, as he was sailing with the early morning tide.

A few days later the dealer sent a letter to the skipper, "It's one of them things," he wrote, "that the less you say about the better. It's a good thing for us all that I've got rid of the chain an' anchor to a German tramp steamer that was in want of one. I nearly had to give her captain something to take it away; but as it was I was fortunate. There was a bit of something for both of us. I'm keeping my share, and inclose yours herewith, for which I send a postal order payable to bearer for one pound sterling."

The skipper, speechless and hopeless, sent the postal order and the letter on to Bilton, who, after reading it, uttered much fervent language concerning both the old man and the dealer.

"It's a pity," he murmured, "that when the scoundrel slipped the cable, the chain didn't nip 'im round the calf an' take 'im with it."

THE END.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE: PHILANTHROPIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. G. BAIN, NEW YORK.



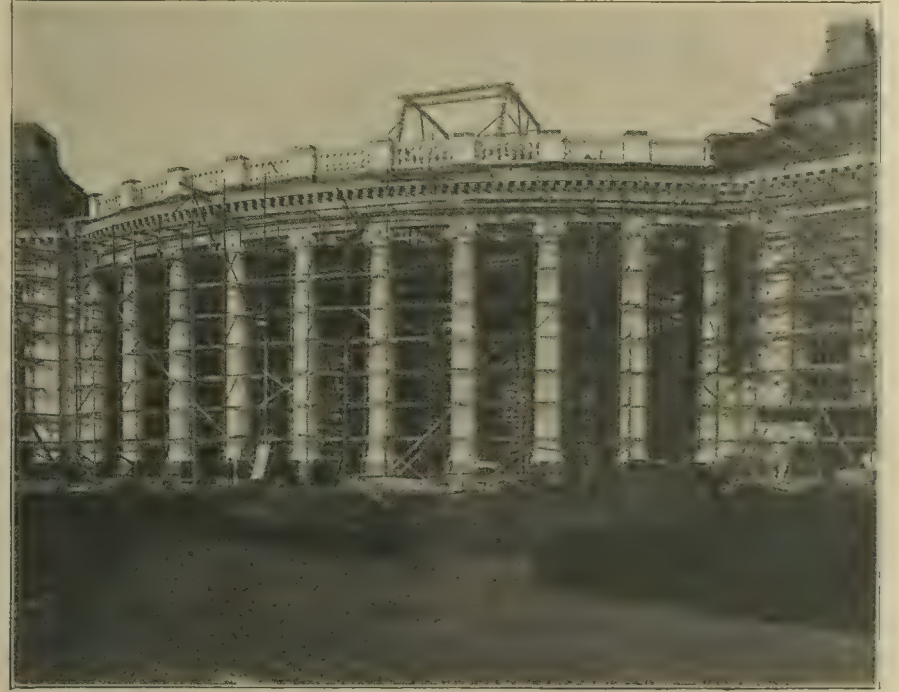
PUBLIC PROVISION FOR THE POOR OF NEW YORK: RECREATION PIER
TO BE OPENED ON MAY 30.



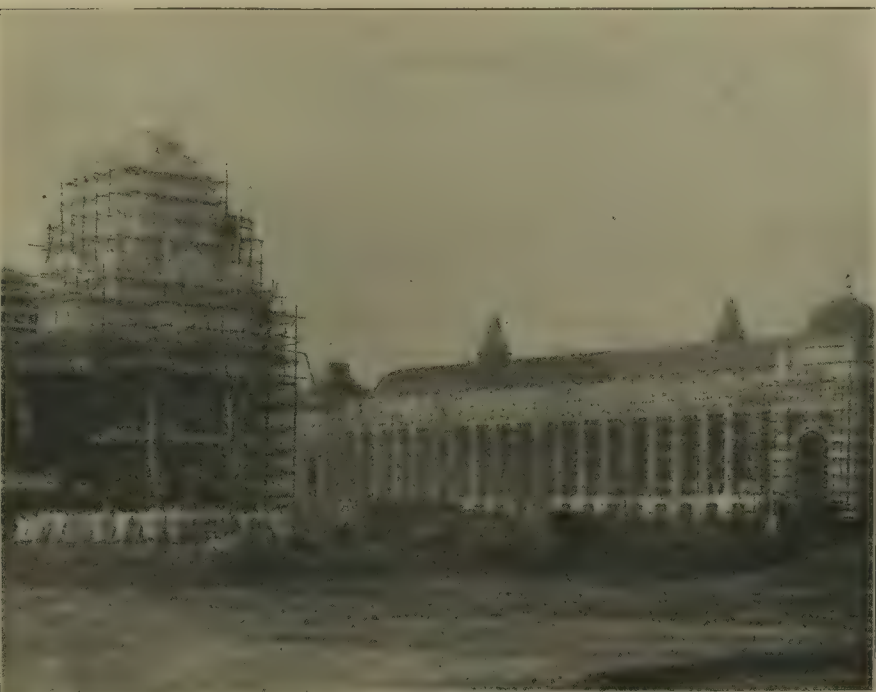
THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR, 1904: THE CAPITOL, DENVER,
TO BE REPRODUCED IN 10 000,000 DOLLARS' WORTH OF GOLD.



THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR: THE EXHIBITION IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION,
VIEWED FROM THE ROOF OF THE EDUCATION BUILDING.



THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR: THE CENTRAL PORTICO OF THE VARIED
INDUSTRIES BUILDING FROM THE SOUTH.



THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR: THE VARIED INDUSTRIES BUILDING,
WITH THE TOWER OF THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING ON THE LEFT.



THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR: THE VARIED INDUSTRIES BUILDING
VIEWED FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

THE LABOUR DISPUTE IN HOLLAND: TYPES OF THE DUTCH ARMY.

THE ARMIES OF THE WORLD: NO. VIII. DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN HOLLAND.

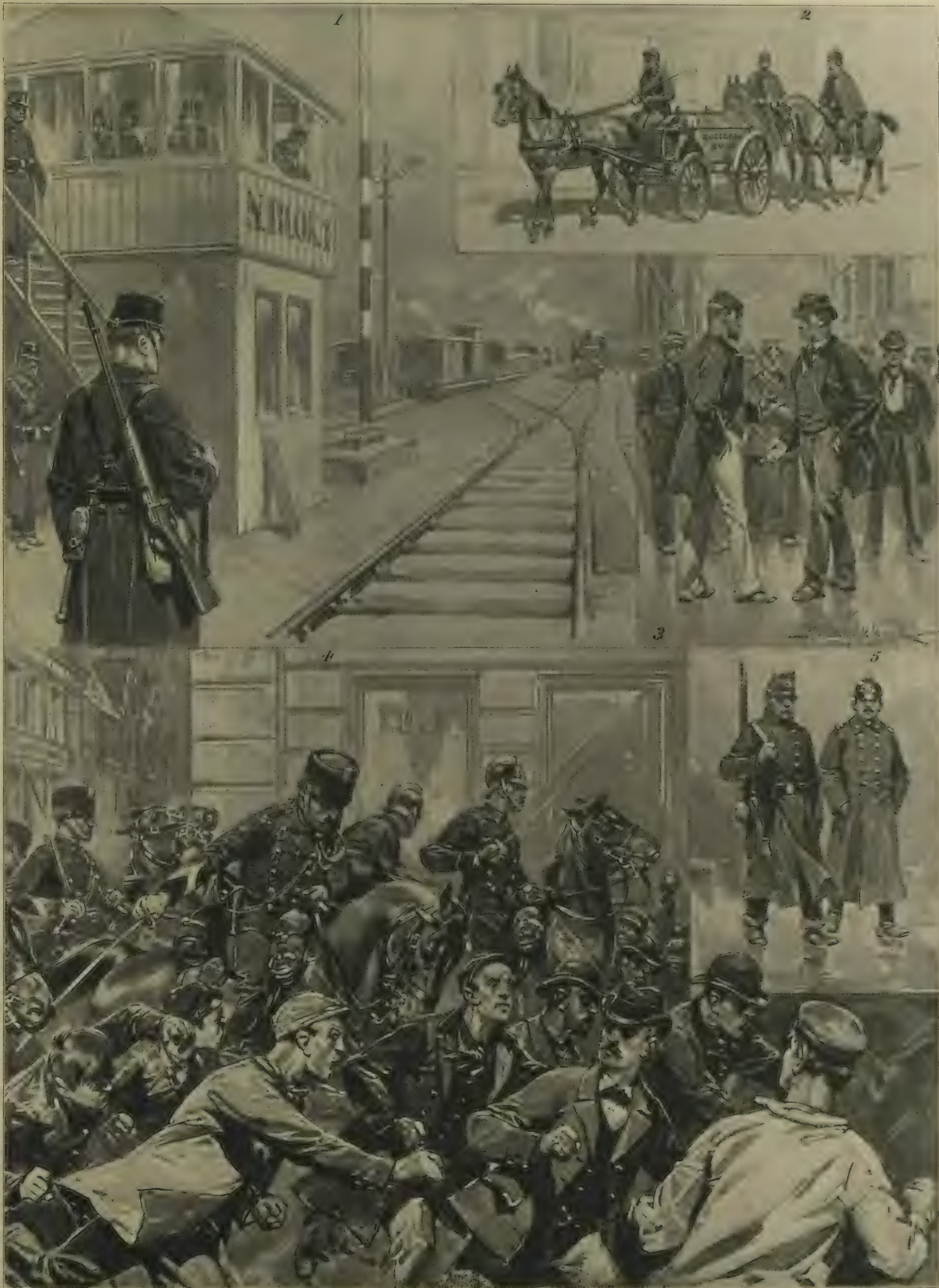


1. HUSSARS RECONNOITRING. 2. THE HORSE ARTILLERY. 3. INFANTRY ON THE MARCH (FIELD SERVICE ORDER). 4. WINTER MANŒUVRES: AN INFANTRY PATROL ON SKATES. 5. A CORPORAL OF THE GARRISON ARTILLERY.

The Dutch army, which has come into some prominence in connection with the labour dispute, consists, on a home footing, of 1630 officers and 62,000 men, strengthened by the 123,000 men of the "Schuttery," or civic guard.

THE LABOUR DISPUTE IN HOLLAND: SCENES IN AND NEAR AMSTERDAM.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN HOLLAND.



1. THE MILITARY GUARDING A SIGNAL-BOX ON THE RAILWAY.

2. A BAKER'S CART ESCORTED BY MOUNTED POLICE.

3. STRIKERS DISCUSSING THE SITUATION.

4. THE MOUNTED POLICE DISPERSING A CROWD.

5. SCHUTTERY (CIVIC GUARD) AND POLICE PATROLLING THE ROADS.

The expected strike of the Dutch railway men, a direct protest against the Anti-Strike Bill, was decided upon at a secret meeting held in the Palais de l'Industrie at midnight on April 5. The railway men involved were joined by the dockers, the staff of the shipping companies, builders, the diamond-cutters, ship-yard rivetters and mechanics, the bakers, and some of the municipal employés. The total number of strikers is estimated at 25,000. The troops were called out immediately the strike was proclaimed.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Grey Wig: Stories and Novelles. By Israel Zangwill. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)
The Diverted Village. By Grace Rhys. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
In the Tail of the Peacock. By Isabel Savory. (London: Hutchinson. 10s.)
In the Garden of Charity. By Basil King. (London and New York: Harper. 6s.)
Greater Russia, the Continental Empire of the Old World. By Wirt Gerrare. With Illustrations and a Map. (London: Heinemann. 18s.)
Tolstoy's Plays. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. (London: Grant Richards. 6s.)
Sundials and Roses of Yesterday. By Alice Morse Earle. (New York: Macmillan. 10s. 6d.)

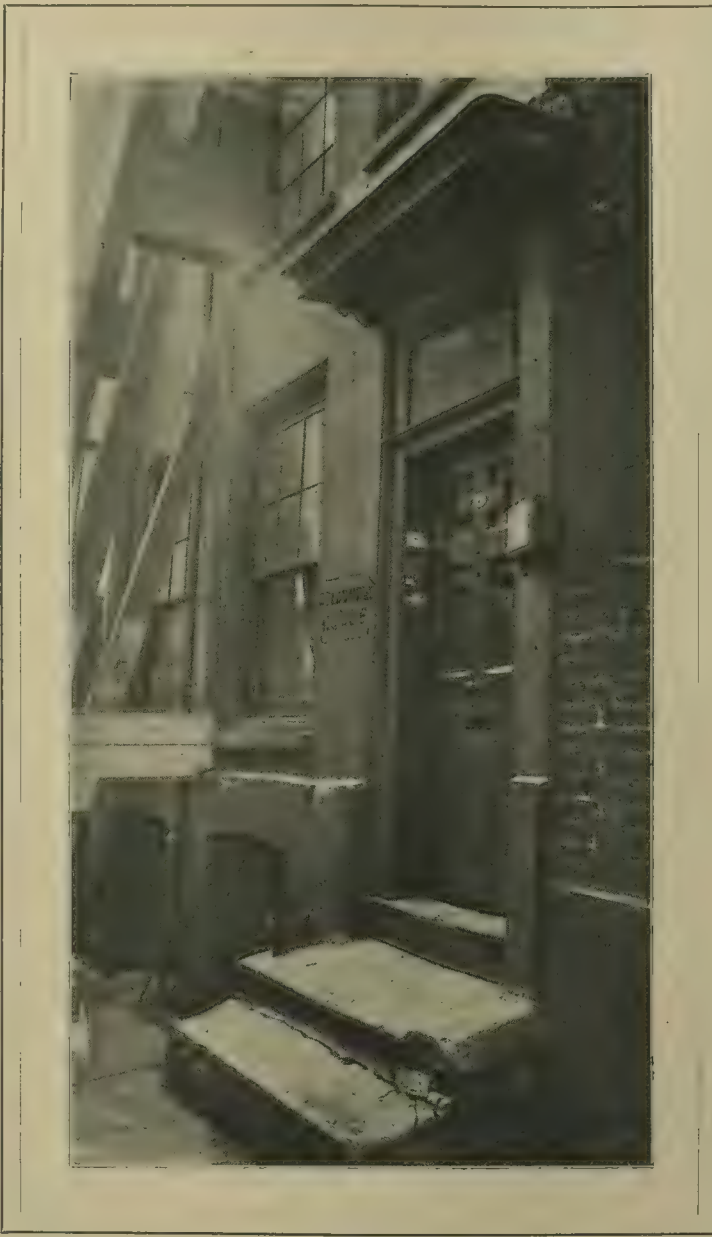
The volume of eight stories "embracing his newest and oldest work" should afford a pleasant critical problem to Mr. Zangwill's admirers. There is certainly no immaturity to be detected in any of them, except the one vulgarity of making a man speak of his friend as "The Honourable Tolly," and the overstrained "Big Bow Mystery." One at least, "The Grey Wig," we remember to have read in a magazine, and it is odd that the author omits the usual acknowledgments. It is a very clever study of two old French ladies, and suggests the thought that Mr. Zangwill is most successful in his women—he describes the book as "mainly a study of woman"—when he is treating of those byways of the feminine soul which have nothing to do with love. He has a certain hardness, a want of sympathy, when endeavouring to describe the tender emotions. Too much of a philosopher to write a good love romance, he uses his keen gift of observation to reproduce admirably little freaks of character. Odd little ignorances at times show where he has ceased to be the observer, and has used facts gathered at second-hand. Thus, the "blue jay" is not a British bird, and only a townsman would believe it to be. For the townsman might have noticed that a stuffed British jay has some blue feathers. Again, in the "Serio-Comic Governess"—a story clever enough in its way—there has obviously been conscientious literary cramming of the conventional literary presentment of Irish people. But as obviously Mr. Zangwill has never carefully studied either an Irish gentlewoman or an Irish officer. These little things blemish, for some of us, the hard brilliant polish of the work, but the majority will not detect the flaws. The book is quite without padding; each member of the eight deserves its place. And, to carry on the metaphor, the book should triumphantly bump most current volumes of fiction.

Mrs. Rhys has produced, in collaboration with her husband and an anonymous artist, an amusing holiday book. It is a simple tale of a man of science and his wife who receive from a departed aunt the legacy of a cottage in Norfolk. Their children, Mike and Penelope, are delightful creations; indeed, all the characters in the book, even down to Polyphemus the cat and Diogenes the donkey, have strongly marked individualities which are drawn with a wonderfully light yet firm touch. The struggles of these good people with their garden, which when they arrived presented a remarkably vigorous crop of weeds; their attitude to the village, and the village's amiable tolerance of them; the old rector, and Miss Clipsy, the middle-aged gentlewoman—all this and much, else is described with equal humour and sympathy. Perhaps Mrs. Rhys is most successful in her portrayal of Thomas Matt, the gardener, who always gets his own way in spite of his mistress's dallyings with seed-merchants and vendors of little trees. The children are real children, and there is one capital picture which shows them holding a Revivalist meeting with the assistance of thirteen or fourteen battered dolls and a humorous-looking elephant. It was then that Mike preached from the text, "Jupiter loveth a cheerful giver." We wish, however, to protest against Mrs. Rhys's absurd picture of a nursery governess from Normandy. She is made quite unnecessarily objectionable—thievish, prudish, and cruel—for she makes Diogenes go by stabbing him with a hat-pin. How would Mrs. Rhys like such a caricature-portrait of an English governess in France?

Miss Savory finds the title for her book in the Moorish proverb which asserts that "The Earth is a peacock and Morocco is the tail of it"; and she found the material for it during five or six months' residence and travel in the country. She and her companion, Miss Bainbridge, spent the better part of their stay in a Moorish garden-house a few miles outside the walls of Tetuan; and after three months spent in studying the people and rambling about the neighbourhood, took ship to Mogador and rode thence to Marrakesh. Miss Savory's enterprise marks a refreshing impatience of ordinary tourist methods, and her contempt of very real dangers must have impressed a people able to appreciate courage and energy so foreign to the character of their own womenkind. The graceful indolence of the Moors, their seeming contentment under tyrannical government, and the mysteries of their domestic life attracted the author; and, thanks to the good offices of lady medical missionaries, she was able to make acquaintance with the feminine world of the Mohammedan upper classes "behind the curtain." The lady traveller in Moslem countries has an advantage over the man, inasmuch as half the social picture is necessarily hidden from the

latter; but Miss Savory's book furnishes further proof that for the minuteness of observation which makes for completeness the woman is by far the more satisfactory chronicler. The author has absorbed the spirit of the country, and her pages are redolent of its atmosphere. She contrives to bring before us the tradesman's cupboard shop, the market, the harem, and the country garden with equal distinctness; and as she has availed herself of the knowledge of others whose long residence in Morocco has given them insight into Moorish institutions and beliefs, her book is really informing as well as entertaining.

The deliberate bigamist is rare in the pages of fiction, and, when met with, is commonly regarded as a fitting subject for burlesque. In the pages of "In the Garden of Charity," Basil King takes him seriously; and certainly the two wives to whom we are introduced had cause to do likewise. But in spite of the writer's best efforts, we are not convinced. That Charity, the owner of the garden, the good and injured wife, should take to her bosom not only Hagar, but her infant, seems, in the nature of things, improbable, more particularly when one has regard to the character of the said Hagar's charms. To use Sandy Boutilier's phrase, "She's a wench as makes you feel as if your tea was grog every time she looks at you." Truly, Charity suffered long and was kind.



A LITERARY LANDMARK RECENTLY SOLD: OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S HOUSE IN WINE OFFICE COURT.

To No. 6, Wine Office Court, Dr. Goldsmith removed in 1760. There Dr. Johnson, dressed with unusual scrupulosity, came to supper; for he had heard that Goldsmith had quoted him as an example of slovenliness.

But, these things apart, there is much to praise in the careful writing and construction of the narrative. These dwellers on the wild and lonely coast of Nova Scotia are depicted with that intimate personal touch which betrays not only knowledge, but comprehension. The slow, dry wit, the mixture of simplicity and shrewdness are characteristic of the Celtic peasant everywhere, and are well exemplified in Jonas Boutilier, though he would doubtless have disclaimed any merit in them: "If I've got a bit o' sense stowed about me here and there it comes from thinking over the things as my two wives has said to me, and to which, when they said 'em, I didn't pay no heed. It's a blessed privilege to ha' had two wives, Ma'am." Jonas, we should explain, is not the bigamist in question: we have him, like Oliver Twist, still asking for more.

Most people will very probably think that Russia is a sufficiently wide geographical expression by itself. Mr. Wirt Gerrare has, however, prefixed the word "Greater" to the title of his book on this "Continental Empire of the Old World," and by that one adjective alone will set his readers thinking. If the Russia of to-day be only comparatively great, what will the size of that Empire be when it will have reached the superlative degree of geographical expansion? That is a question which may well stagger the imagination. Mr. Gerrare suggests it—he hardly formulates it; his attempt to answer it is perhaps insufficiently definite.

The public do not like nowadays to have to think; they expect their thinking to be done for them, and to be offered ready-made, cut-and-dried solutions for every problem. Mr. Gerrare is too cautious, and, moreover, knows his subject too well, to settle the question of Russian expansion off-hand. While he has considerable sympathy with the Russian people and the Russian point of view, he is not blind to the many faults of the present system of government. He is fully alive to the prevailing discontent, but overrates the superficially apparent industrial prosperity of the country. He seems to indicate that England must soon be prepared to meet and combat the combined forces of Russia and France in China, and shows how heavily she has handicapped herself for the impending struggle. Her only trustworthy ally is Japan. We rise from a perusal of this book with a feeling that England's only hope lies in a possible revolution in Russia. The author has studied his subject well, and is saturated with the history and literature of the country he describes. His descriptions of the actual condition of things, though occasionally slightly misleading, nevertheless reveal his practical knowledge of contemporary life. In other words, his acquaintance with Russia is not merely that of the theoretical student. His book is bright and readable, and full of amusing anecdotes, besides abounding in luminous sentences which are more than simply felicitous, such as the following, for instance:

"It was only her methods of conquest which were unnecessarily severe, possibly because Russia is weak, and when the weak have an opportunity to show power they are usually more cruel than the strong"; and "As a nation, Russia is less combative than Great Britain, and consequently her extension has been along the line of least resistance. . . . The line of least resistance is taken only by moving bodies of small momentum and low velocity, so is evidence of weakness, not strength." As a description of Siberia the book is instructive and amusing, though the style is occasionally a little involved. The illustrations are numerous, but are for the most part reproductions of photographs, and are not sufficiently clear to be of much assistance to the reader. By the way, we wonder what the author means by "free peasants." Theoretically, all Russian peasants are free; in practice, nobody is "free" in Russia.

Tolstoy is a great writer, but he is no dramatist. He does not attach any importance to his plays, and he hinted this very plainly to his English translator, Mr. Aylmer Maude. Except those admirers of Tolstoy who regard him as an apostle, and treat every line from his pen as if it were Holy Writ, most readers of his dramas, we imagine, will think that the translators have wasted their time. They complain of the difficulty of finding English equivalents for the vernacular which Tolstoy puts into the mouths of his peasants. We can appreciate that difficulty when we find the woman who has committed a murder ejaculating, "Oh, my poor head!" and the brutal sot, for whose sake she has poisoned her husband, summing up the situation with, "Here's a go!" When the Tolstoy disciples naïvely express surprise that "The Power of Darkness" has not been produced on the English stage, we can only say there is a limit to the English relish for the grotesque. Tolstoy has a moral purpose, of course, in this drama of the squalid vice which leads to infanticide; but he does not succeed in giving the habits of Russian peasants a cosmopolitan interest. The play is really a tract which ends with one of those sudden conversions so dear to Revivalists. In this volume we find a comedy, "Fruits of Culture," which Tolstoy wrote "simply for my own friends and children to act at home." It is intended to be funny, but it bears the melancholy impress of all private theatricals. "Brimful of laughter and merriment," says Mr. Maude, "it is enough by itself to refute the accusation sometimes brought against Tolstoy, that he lacks humour." Four acts of a crude, practical joke at the expense of people who believe in Spiritualism are not enough to set up Tolstoy as a humorist. Even here we have the everlasting Russian peasants

with the interminable repetition of their grievance that they have "so little land." Economically that may be true; but it is not conducive to laughter and merriment. The translators would really have earned our gratitude if they had left Tolstoy's fun in the original Russian.

Sic transit hora—the hour passes indeed, but Mrs. Earle has determined that it shall not pass and leave us poorer. Upon her new volume, "Sundials and Roses of Yesterday," Mrs. Earle has lavished a wealth of curious learning, and her publishers have seconded her most ably in the matter of excellent illustrations and fine printing. The chapter on noon-marks and spot-dials is particularly interesting, giving many practical instances of this primitive method of fixing the time of day. Mrs. Earle writes gracefully of the charm and sentiment which attaches to the sundial, but she does not forget to speak also of its history, classification, and construction; indeed, the intimate manner of narration betrays the greatness of her knowledge. Many mottoes commonly used on dial-stones are given, and the history of the sentence which adorns the dial in the Inner Temple should be interesting to Londoners: The dial-maker, as he had been instructed, asked for "the motto for the new sundial, Sir." "Begone about your business!" was the testy reply; and the dial-maker departed, satisfied. In her treatment of roses, too, Mrs. Earle is not less happy.

THE AGITATION TO ARREST INUNDATION IN NORTHERN IRELAND: SCENES ON THE SHORES OF LOUGH NEAGH .

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MOFFETT AND CO., BELFAST.



THE IMMENSE EXTENT OF SUBMERGED LAND: THE SCENE FROM THE BRIDGE, PORTADOWN.



THE SCENE OF THE INUNDATION AT DERRYANVILLE.



THE HEIGHT OF THE FLOODS BEYOND THE ORDINARY RIVER LEVEL,
PORTADOWN BRIDGE.

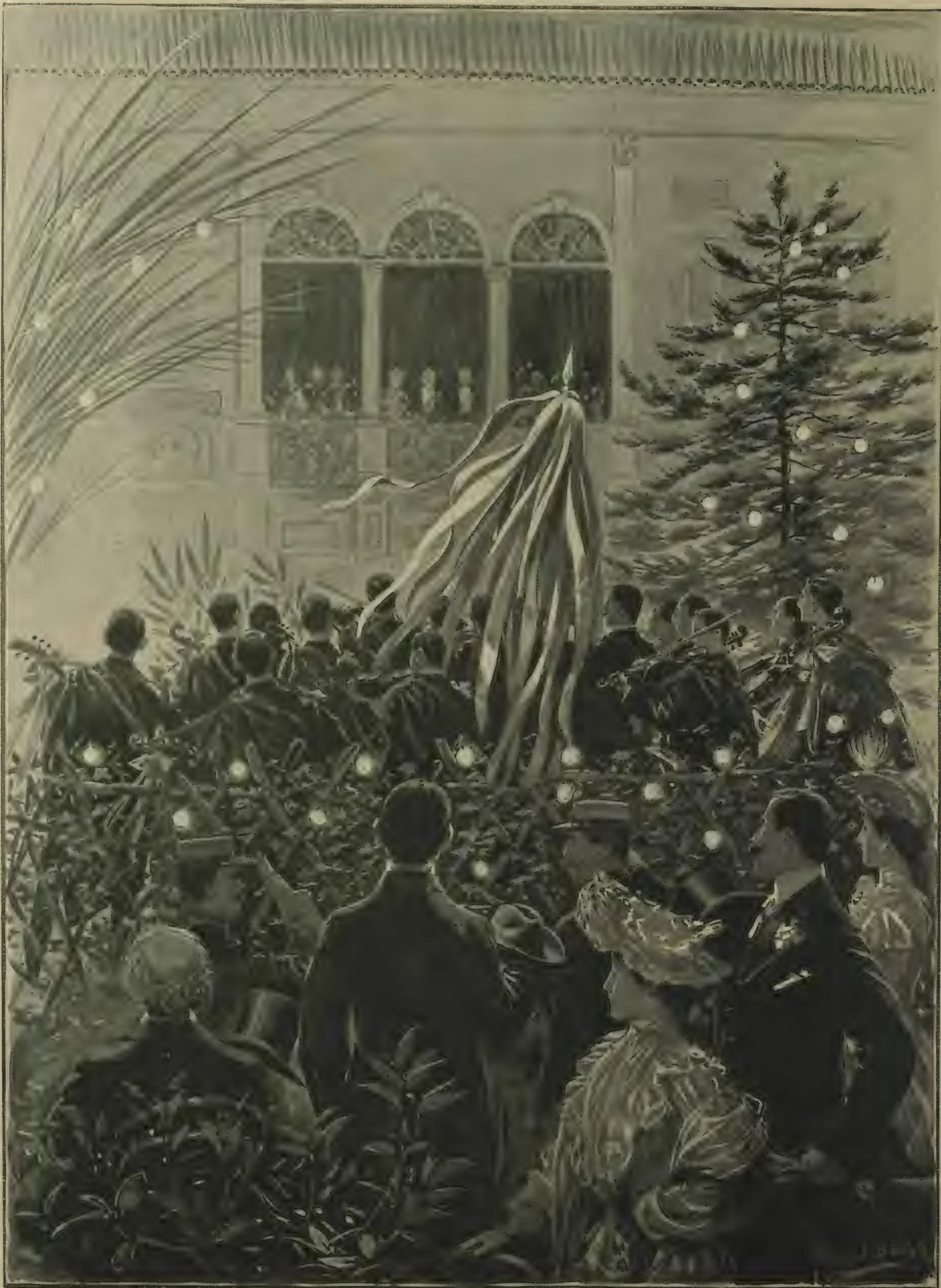


THE DISADVANTAGE TO AGRICULTURE THROUGH THE CONTINUOUS INUNDATION:
A HOUSE AND FARM FLOODED.

A great deal of misery has been caused on the shores of Lough Neagh by the periodic overflow of the Upper Bann. In that district great stretches of land are under water. A local committee has been agitating to secure relief, and the district has already contributed £166,500 towards a system of drainage, which has proved useless. The people are, nevertheless, willing to contribute a further £8000 to secure relief.

THE KING'S TOUR: HIS MAJESTY WATCHING THE ILLUMINATION OF THE TAGUS.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM SKETCHES BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE KING.



KING EDWARD AND DOM CARLOS ON THE BALCONY OF THE FINE ARTS MUSEUM.

MR. STEWART WRITES: "I enclose sketches of a pretty incident which occurred on Friday night (April 3) at the Fine Arts Museum, where the King went to view the illuminations on the river and the fireworks. Immediately below the windows where the King stood was a raised platform standing in the middle of a garden surrounded by a rustic trellis-work. Lights were twinkling between the trees. The students' band of violins, mandolines, and guitars played and sang 'God Save the King' in English. The pyrotechnic devices included two views of Windsor Castle."

THE WATERWORKS RIOT IN PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD, MARCH 23:
SCENES OF THE OUTBREAK.



Photo. Whitman.

THE BEGINNING OF THE RIOT: THE CROWD GATHERING ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE "RED HOUSE," 10 A.M., MARCH 23.



Photo. Whitman.

A MASS MEETING ON THE WATER ORDINANCE: MR. NANCO ADDRESSING THE CROWD IN THE PUBLIC SAVANNAH.



AN INCIDENT OF THE FIRING ON THE MOB AT PORT OF SPAIN, MARCH 23.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

The shooting resulted in the death of sixteen persons, including a little girl of twelve and a schoolboy of fourteen. Thirty-eight rioters and ten constables were wounded.



THE BURNT GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS: THE FRONT, WHERE THE FIRE BEGAN.

Note the official papers strewn in the foreground.



THE RIOTERS' WORK: THE GUTTED "RED HOUSE," OR GOVERNMENT BUILDING, AFTER THE FIRE.

THE KING'S TOUR. THE STATE VISIT TO THE OPERA AT LISBON.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM SKETCHES BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING HIS MAJESTY.



THE RECEPTION OF KING EDWARD AND DOM CARLOS BY THE AUDIENCE AT THE GALA PERFORMANCE AT THE SAO CARLOS THEATRE, APRIL 4.

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. ALLAN STEWART, WRITES: "The theatre was glittering with colour, and the Kings received a great ovation, the auditorium being hidden by waving handkerchiefs and hats. The royal party stood up while the band played 'God Save the King' and the Portuguese National Anthem. This scene was repeated at the beginning of each act."

MISS ELLEN TERRY'S PRODUCTION OF IBSEN'S PLAY, "THE VIKINGS."

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



A DRESS REHEARSAL AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE.

THE BRITISH DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS.—No. XIX.: NEW SOUTH WALES.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE FOUNDATION OF SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA'S OLDEST CITY, BY CAPTAIN L. PHILLIP: AN INSPECTION OF THE CONVICT SETTLERS.

In 1770 Captain James Cook sailed round New Zealand in the "Endeavour," and, visiting the eastern coast of Australia, noted the fine scenery of Botany Bay, and eventually took peaceable possession of a large tract of country which he named New South Wales. The first colonists—seven hundred and fifty-seven convicts—arrived at Botany Bay in January 1788. Sydney, the capital of New South Wales and the oldest city in Australia, was founded in the same year by Captain L. Phillip—the British officer who had been commissioned to establish the penal settlement—and was named after Viscount Sydney, then Secretary of State for the Colonies.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The chief topic of scientific interest of recent days has undoubtedly been represented by the peculiar qualities of a certain new element and metal to which the name of "radium" has been given. The history of the subject may be said to date back some time, to the discovery of radium by M. and Madame Curie of Paris. They appear to have obtained it from a certain mineral known as pitchblende. More recently at the hands of M. Curie and M. Laborde the properties of radium have undergone a fairly extensive investigation. In the first place, it was found to represent one of a class of bodies which possess the power of emitting into space certain "rays"—or, shall we say, forms of energy?—without apparently suffering that loss of substance which is naturally associated with all forms of physical expenditure.

The information at hand regarding the nature of radium rays and their properties is sufficient in extent to stimulate us all in eagerly anticipating further revelations. In the first place, radium possesses a power of maintaining a continuous heat-supply. Experiments of exact nature made by MM. Curie and Laborde amply demonstrate this point. As we shall see, it is the explanation of this heat-emission without any apparent source of renewal that constitutes one of the main problems connected with radium and its ways and works. The exact estimate, in fact, is that one gramme (fifteen grains) of pure radium is capable of giving off per hour heat equal to that produced by the combustion in oxygen of a gramme-atom of hydrogen gas. The rate at which radium-atoms, presumably the source of the heat, are discharged, is said to be that of light-waves—186,000 miles per second. Sir Oliver Lodge, writing of the emission of these atoms, remarks that as they are not of a kind capable of penetrating bodies, but are easily stopped by obstacles, a thin layer of air would suffice for their arrest. This arrest implies the development of heat; much in the same way as the sudden arrest of the motion of a bullet by impact on the target develops a like result. The source of the heat being thus near to the radium itself, that source, it is added, would tend to be kept warm.

Furthermore, by keeping radium in a small chamber with walls through which the atoms or rays could not pass, such a chamber might conceivably be made quite hot, this result being contingent on the fact that the assumed source of energy on which the radium draws had free access to it. Sir O. Lodge tells us that if this experiment were conducted in the open, so that the heat could accumulate for one minute before escaping, the rise of temperature would amount to one and a half degrees (Centigrade). Other facts about radium are interesting. This being a very rare element, it is said literally to be worth its weight not in gold, but in diamonds. There is probably not anything like half a pound weight of it in existence—that is, for experimental purposes—at present. It is said that a pound of radium in a room would constitute a source of danger—presumably from its heat-emitting properties—of formidable kind. A few grains contained in a glass tube and carried in the waistcoat pocket would burn the body of its possessor. Concisely stated, the problem of radium, so far as science can state it at present, appears to be that of the source of the atoms with which this substance is bombarding everything in its neighbourhood. This bombardment develops heat, and the further problem is presented in the shape of the inquiry how it is that radium, in the absence of any apparent source or renewal of supply, is capable of emitting energy continuously?

To appreciate the full import of this inquiry it is needful to fall back upon an elementary principle of science. An epoch-making view in physical research was that which taught the world that the varied forms of energy which dominate the universe are interchangeable; or that, in other words, heat, light, electricity, magnetism, and so forth, were capable each of being converted into the other. This is the doctrine of the correlation of forces. Again, on the *ex nihilo nihil fit* principle, we know practically that to get a supply of energy we have to expend energy, or, in plain language, to pay for it. If we want steam-power, we have to buy coal, and out of the energy supplied by the black jewels we develop our power. If we could get electricity or electric light for nothing, we should have no tram-fares to pay and no electric light bills to settle. Science may, and does, show us cheaper ways than before of getting power, but it can never reduce the cost of energy-production to nothingness. With these doctrines and facts in mind—that we can neither create nor destroy matter or energy, but can only alter and change and transform their states—we may perceive clearly enough the great interest with which the case of radium is invested.

If it is continually giving off energy in the form of heat, that heat must be manufactured or derived. It cannot come into existence *per se*. It must represent the transformation of energy of one kind into force of another kind; just as when one rubs one's hands together on a cold morning, the development of warmth by friction represents the conversion of so much muscular motion (derived from the energy in our food) into heat. No chemical views at present extant can explain the action of radium, for the quantity of heat produced alone presents difficulties from the purely chemical side. The only theory which would explain things is that which sees in radium a substance capable, in a mysterious fashion, of utilising some source or other of energy of which nothing is known, or it may be of bringing some known force into play in a fashion unrepresented elsewhere. Thus it may be that the science of the future will add to the resources of mankind, in the way of force-production when the mystery of radium is solved.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

MAX J MEYER (Bournemouth).—We regret pressure on our space limits our notice, but we were much interested in your letter and article, and sympathise with the views they express.

W F RUSSELL (Hackney).—No; if the capture is made, Black loses right off. It is not bad practice for you to try and find out how this comes about.

F RANDLE.—The ordinary problem shall receive attention, but the conditional position is unsuitable for this column.

G E R GAUNT (Pontefract).—The problem shall be examined and reported upon later.

J PAUL TAYLOR, G STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON, and IRVING CHAPIN (Philadelphia).—Your problems are respectively marked for insertion.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3072 received from Basil Tree (Camberwell); of No. 3073 from G Lill (Gringley-on-Hill), Basil Tree, and Frank W Atchinson (Crowthorne); of No. 3074 from James W North, Fire Plug, Basil Tree (Camberwell), Ciel (Eastbourne), A G (Pancsova), W A Lillico (Glasgow), F B (Worthing), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Marco Salem (Bologna), and W d'A Barnard (Uppingham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3075 received from William Combes, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Martin F, F W Russell, Charles Burnett, Herbert A Salway, Reginald Gordon, Sorrento, W A Lillico (Glasgow), Shadforth, F J S (Hampstead), T Roberts, W D Easton (Sunderland), R Worters (Canterbury), J D Tucker (Ilkley), F Randle, Edith Corser (Reigate), J F G Pietersen (Kingswinford), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), and J W (Campsie).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3074.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.

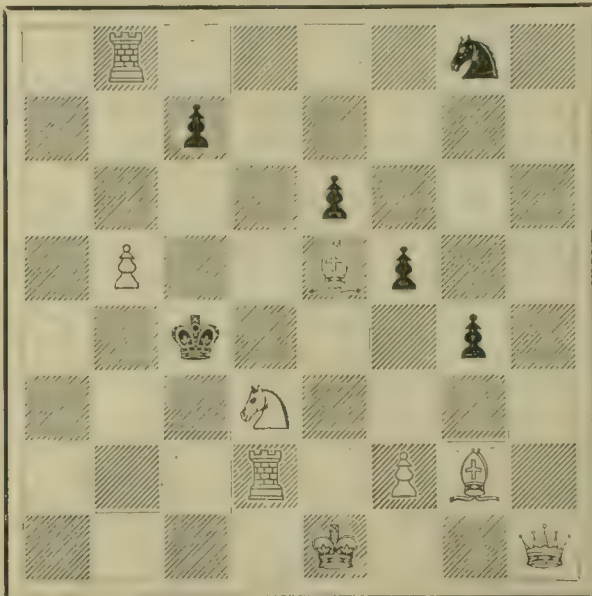
WHITE.

1. R takes P
2. Q takes P (ch)
3. Q or Kt takes.

If Black play 1. K takes Kt, 2. R takes B (ch); if 1. R takes P, 2. R to K 7th (ch) 1. P to B 5th, 2. R takes B; and if 1. Anything, then 2. R takes B P (ch), and 3. K moves.

BLACK.

- K takes R
- K moves

PROBLEM No. 3077.—By MAX FEIGL.
BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN MONTE CARLO.

Game played between Messrs. MAROCZY and WOLF.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	Bishop; but he appears totally unconscious of his coming fate.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. P to B 4th	R to K sq
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q 3rd	16. P to K 5th	Q to B sq
4. Castles	P takes P	17. Kt to K 4th	
5. P to Q 4th	B to Q 2nd	Winning by force. From the 14th move to finish the attack is a fine study of quiet, forcible strategy, where every stroke has its proper place and value in the combination.	
6. Kt takes P	B to K 2nd	17. Kt takes B (ch)	P takes P
7. Kt to Q R 3rd	B to K 2nd	18. Q to Kt 3rd (ch)	P takes Kt
8. P to Q Kt 3rd	Kt takes Kt	19. Q to Kt 3rd (ch)	K to R sq
9. Q takes Kt	B takes B	20. P takes P	R to K Kt sq
These exchanges are all in White's favour. His game is well developed, and every piece is free for action.		21. Q to R 4th	P takes P
10. Kt takes B	Kt to Q 2nd	22. R takes P	P takes P (ch)
11. B to R 3rd	P to Q R 3rd	Ingenious but futile behind it.	
12. B to B 3rd	B to B 3rd	23. K to R sq	R to Kt 2nd
13. Q to K 3rd	Castles	24. R takes R	Resigns.
14. Q R to Q sq	Kt to Kt 3rd		
It would have been better to take off the Knight at once. Black perhaps did not care to fight an ending with Knight against			

Another game in the tournament between Messrs. WOLF and TAUBENHAUS. (Gioco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. B to R 3rd	R to K sq
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	16. K R to Q sq	B to Q 2nd
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	17. R to Q 6th	
4. P to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	Very strong, and preparatory to some fine play	
5. P to Q 4th	P takes P	17. Q to B 2nd	Q to B 2nd
6. P takes P	B to Kt 5th (ch)	18. B to Kt 3rd	B to B 3rd
7. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	19. R takes Kt	
8. P to Q 5th	B takes Kt (ch)	The ending is now curiously like the game given above, with the striking difference that the victim there is the winner here. It is well played by White.	
9. P takes B	Kt to K 2nd	19. Q to Kt 3rd (ch)	P takes R
10. Castles	Castles	20. Q to R 4th	K to Kt 2nd
11. Q to Q 4th	P to B 4th	21. Q to Kt 3rd (ch)	K to R sq
The beginning of trouble. There seems no need to open a smooth path for the adverse Bishops when a move like Kt to Kt 3rd was available.		22. Q to Kt 3rd (ch)	K to R sq
12. P tks P en pass. Kt (K 2) takes P		23. Q to R 4th	K to Kt 2nd
13. Q to K 3rd	Kt to K 4th	24. R to K sq	P to B 4th
Accurately noting the error of his eleventh move. Now he clears a range for his opponent's Rooks and Bishops at one blow.		25. Q to Kt 5th (ch)	K to R sq
14. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	26. Q to B 6th (ch)	K to Kt sq
		27. P takes P	Resigns.

The chess editor of Brighton and Hove Society announces a problem tourney for three-movers, to be held partly with *Das Neue Illustrirte Blatt*, the well-known Austrian journal. A considerable list of prizes is offered, and the judges are Mr. B. G. Laws and Dr. E. Mazel.

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TO ABOLISH PROFANITY.

"Hi! hi!" shouted Father William, and shook his long stick at me.

There was no threat in this action; it is the old man's way of attracting attention, and as his persistence is as great as his age, it is best to give in at once. So I jumped off my bicycle and waited for him to come down the garden-path from the corner where he had been setting his traps.

"How are you this morning, Father William?" I said.

"Werry sadly indeed, thank ye kindly, Sir," he answered. "I'm wunnerful shrunk." He twitched the red shawl more tightly round his shoulder to show he was not as big as he looked, and seeing that he was disposed to be melancholy, I thought I would rouse him.

"Don't you think those traps of yours are very cruel things to keep about the place?" I inquired. The question succeeded instantly.

"'Tain't likely," he snapped. "They're for varmints, an' I've a right to catch as many o' them as I can. When th' old Squire were alive, 'e never didn't say nothin' to me about un, an' now 'e's gone, nobody shall. I do my dooty by you an' by everyone; but I've my rights, an' by them I'll bide, an' no mistake." He paused for a moment, leaning heavily on his stick and staring most defiantly.

"But there now," he continued, with returning breath, "it ain't for that I called ye. I've suthin' 'portant to say to ye, an' I'm an old man in me nineties, an' I'd like ye to take ut down. Come in a minute, won't ye?"

He led the way to his cottage and sat down in his armchair by the fire. He looked round at the white blackbird, the wild cat, and the big stoat in their glass cases, and remarked angrily, "Caught all o' they in traps, I did; an' th' Squire, e' said, 'That's werry clever on ye, William,' that's what 'e said; an' I'm not deceivin' ye—'tain't likely." He paused again for wind.

"It's like this," he began at last: "th' policeman looked in last night, an' 'e says, 'Father William,' 'e says, 'there's a law a-comin' in force this werry year to 'bolish swearin', an' punish them what swears.' 'An' a good thing, too, John,' I says; for I don't swear, as all th' world knows, an' 'tain't right that others should. An' then 'e went away, an' I've been thinkin' o' what 'e said, an' I've suthin' for ye to write down."

I produced my note-book and "stylo," and waited patiently for what was to come.

"I'm a werry old man," said Father William, when he had stirred the fire into a blaze, and wrapped the red shawl more closely round him. "I'm in me nineties, an' maybe I'll be took afore that law comes in. So I want ye to take down some o' th' names o' them what's been a-swearin' in this part for sixty year an' more, an' if I'm gone gie them to th' magistrate. If so be I can't see un punished myself, I'll know it'll be done." I made no comment, and waited patiently for the black list.

"There's old Jack Martin," began the veteran; "but no, 'e's dead this two year, more's th' pity, for 'e did swear wunnerful 'ard, 'e did, an' ye can't deny ut—nobody can't. But there's 'is son—boy Jack, as I called un to separate un fr' 'is father—an' many's th' time 'e's swore—ay, swore at me, th' varmint! Put un down—boy Jack, wot lives agin' th' mill."

"Boy Jack," who must be nearer seventy than sixty, by the way, and still works on the land as a ploughman, went at the head of the list, and I waited.

"Put th' shepherd down," whispered the old man. "'E went on shameful 'cos 'is dog caught 'isself in one o' th' traps, th' fool. I've been werry good to th' shepherd—taught him all 'e knows; but I'll ha' no more to do wi' un. Put un down."

"Then there's th' looker," continued Father William thoughtfully; "an' I don't care for un if 'e do be the looker. 'E shan't come tellin' me to take care there ain't no rabbits caught i' they traps yonder. Put un down; an' do you tell th' Bench 'e swears shameful, and ye won't be tellin' no lie, for I've heard un, an' many's th' time."

"Thinks a might o' 'isself, no doubt," continued my neighbour angrily; "but I mind 'is father wot was fined for bein' drunk fifty year ago, an' 'is mother. Well, I'll say nowt about 'er, but she were a rum un, an' many's th' tales I've been told. But I don't go tattlin' about other folk's business, an' nobody can't say I do."

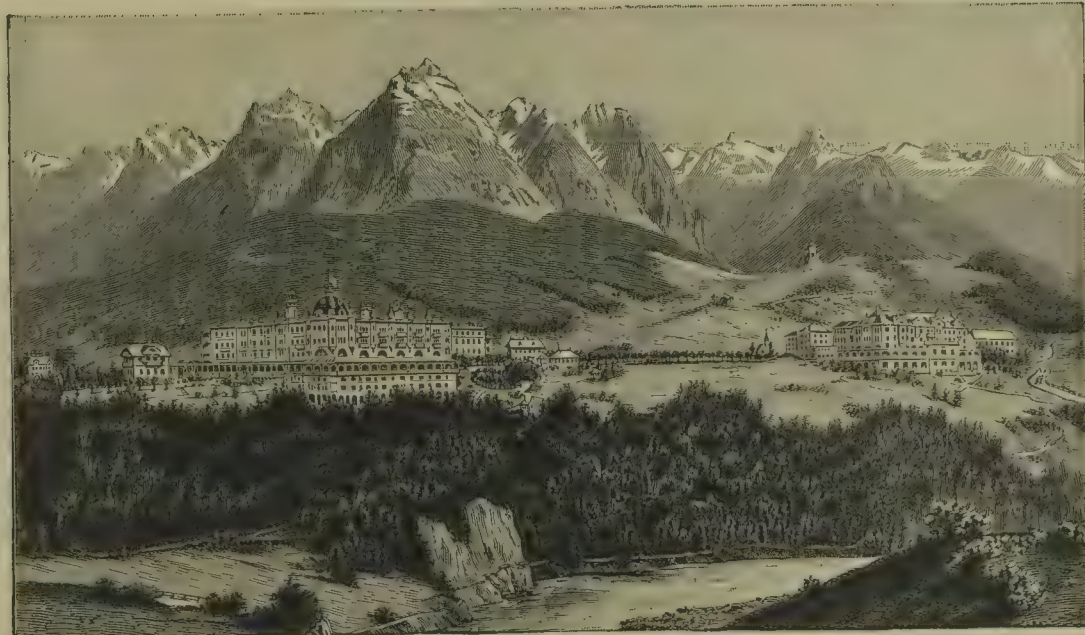
"Put down th' miller," he went on; "an' Joe Dove, wot works on Wiseman's land. An' put down Joe Straw, wot goes to th' Wheatshaf as though it was all 'isn sin, 'e got a fortune left un by an uncle 'e never seed. Foorteen shillin' a week 'e's got now, an' ne need to wart for ut; but mebbe th' Bench will take some of ut, for 'e's a foul tongue between 'is tecth, an' no mistake. I 'member 'im w'en 'e warked on th' Mushes fr' seven shillin' a week; lor! an' 'e were as thin as me. An' now 'e sits in 'is garden tendin' 'is taters an' tomaties like any lord in th' land. But I ain't forgotten wot 'e was, 'tain't likely, an' 'e shan't say 'is taters are better nor mine."

"There's a man wot comes fr' Market Waldron on the 'ill," said Father William; "drives down onst a week i' th' summer wi' ginger-beer, an' pots an' pans, an' lamp ile, an' fresh fish fr' Lunnon. 'Tain't no more nor sixteen year ago come Lady Day I bought two kettles off of un, an' 'e threw in a mackerel fr' luck. One o' them kettles wore amazin' thin, an' every week 'e passed I told un of it. First 'e said 'e'd change it, if I'd gi'e un back th' mackerel, an' after that 'e used to swear w'enver I spoke of it to un. One o' th' kettles were all right, I'm not denyin' it, for it's on th' fire before ye; the other were werry bad, an' I've thrown it into th' field these three year. Put down th' man fr' Market Waldron."

"I doubt there's some others; it's likely," concluded the veteran, "but ye must wait for un. I'm a werry old man, an' me memory goes like."

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Marienbad (Ferdinands Brunnen) ..	10.2	4.24	4.7	1.9	1.8	Gintl, 1879
Vichy ..	7.0	2.60	—	5.2	0.5	Bouquet, 1855
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AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL TOWNS.

LADIES' PAGE.

Leading ladies on the Liberal side of politics have undertaken a new duty. Under the title of the "Liberal Social Council," an organisation has been formed, worked by women, and existing for social purposes only. Lady Tweedmouth is the President, and Mrs. Sydney Buxton hon. sec. Among the Council are the Countess of Aberdeen, the Countess of Chesterfield, Countess Carrington, the Countess of Crewe, and the wives and daughters of many other leading politicians. The notion is to give receptions and garden-parties, at which the more wealthy and fashionable ladies of the



A PROMENADE GOWN WITH THE NEW TRIMMING.

Liberal way of thinking shall make acquaintance with the rank-and-file of their party, and assist all Liberals to know each other. This, of course, has been the central idea of the Primrose League, which has been so immensely successful. I doubt, however, whether it is possible to secure as prosperous an organisation socially on the other side of politics. Naturally, the residents in the great houses near the country villages are in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred attached to the Conservative party, and run the Primrose League. I have been present as a guest at a Primrose League monthly meeting in an isolated agricultural village, twelve miles from a railway station. Nothing ever happened there to interest and amuse the people, outside the church work, until the Primrose League "Habitation" was formed under the auspices of the peer whose seat is there, and the neighbouring squires. The meeting was held in the church school-room. There was, first of all, a concert, supplied by local talent; then came about three-quarters of an hour of political speechifying; and the proceedings wound up with a dance, to the music of a piano, lent from one of the large houses, and a violin, played by the church schoolmaster. The ladies and gentlemen, both residents and their guests, attended, as well as the servants from the "big houses" of the locality; the farmers, too, with their labourers and their domestics, all met on temporary apparent equality at this gathering; and it was easy to see what a bright spot in the dull life of the locality was thus provided. The few steadfast village Liberals stood around the door and windows, listening and glancing in at the fun, like so many unpicturesque Peris. No doubt if the Liberal party could organise a counter-attraction it would be very desirable in the interests of their side in politics.

There is a great fancy among fashionable women at the moment for the adoption of a motto, which is stamped upon their letter-paper and the outside of their envelopes, embroidered on pincushions and night-dress cases, engraved on the book-plate, and used in any other suitable way. Where a desirable motto belongs to the coat-of-arms it is, of course, usually employed. But such devices are rarely suitable for the gentle lady when they were chosen by the belted knight of old. Sometimes, however, nothing can be better than

the motto on the arms, or a close modification of it; as, for example, in the case of such sayings as those of Lord Sherborne's arms, "I will keep my word"; Lord Stanley of Alderley's, "Without changing"; Earl Sondes', "Be what you seem"; Earl Wemyss's, "I think"; or Lord Rookwood's, "I have lived and will die free." Queen Elizabeth, in her day, used the same motto that has now been adopted by an English authoress, "Semper eadem." Madame Sarah Bernhardt was one of the first modern women steadily to make use of a chosen motto, hers being "Quand Mème." Madame Réjane chose a little paradox with that bite in it which is appropriate to such sayings, "I only fear those that I love." The painter, Madame Louise Abbema, offers unintentionally the antidote to this cynicism in her motto, "It is better to have a heart broken than to keep it shut up." A popular actress requests, "Please, everybody, love me." Apropos of Madame Sarah Bernhardt's philosophical motto, a friend of mine who met her at dinner a year or two ago ventured to say to her, "But how is it, Madame, that you, who work so hard and must feel so much, remain so very young-looking through it all?" The famous actress replied, "It is because I have never allowed myself to worry. If I have enough money in my purse for this week I never ask where the money will come from for next week. I have never had a sleepless night from fear of the future. I know no other reason why I still look so young, as you kindly call me!"

An American lady, Miss G. Stewart, a graduate of the University of California, has just given a course of lectures at the Women's Institute in London on "American Household Management." She told a number of most interesting facts. In America it has been already shown by experience that the idea (which always seemed to me a very silly one) that the more ignorant and foolish women are left, the more likely they are to be good housekeepers and mothers, is a mistake. American women, at the same time that they have increased their facilities for higher education and have entered into almost every profession and walk of life outside the home, have also developed a scientific and wise study of domestic management and more thoughtful "childward care," as Tennyson calls it. There, also, more progress has been made than anywhere else in the science of domestic management, and in the art of making household work as easy and as little repulsive as possible. The mere fact that almost every house is heated throughout by a system of hot-air pipes from one furnace in the cellar, that is kept going by a quarter of an hour's attention night and morning, from a man who comes in from outside expressly for this purpose, lightens the domestic work immensely. Again, it is quite rare to find a bedroom in an American house supplied with a washing-stand like our own, involving the carrying of heavy water-cans and pails; in the better class of houses in the States there is a lavatory-basin with hot and cold water supply in each room, while in more modest establishments, everybody is expected to use the fixed basin in the bath-room. In newly built American houses the labour of carrying the food into the dining-room is diminished by the kitchen being the adjacent apartment, and a sliding panel, or "buttery-hatch," being provided, through which the dishes and the plates are passed. Miss Stewart stated that American men are much more willing to be helpful in the house, where servants cannot be obtained or where the means do not allow of adequate domestic help being engaged, than would be considered consistent with their dignity by even working-class Englishmen. American kitchen utensils are lighter than ours; all sorts of labour-saving machines are employed, and all furniture is made with strong castors so as to be easily moved for cleaning purposes.

Servants in America also work much harder and will undertake a greater variety of work than is the case here. Thus, in the majority of middle-class American families the washing and ironing are done at home; in other cases, the washing alone is performed by the servants of the house, the ironing, as a more skilled occupation, being undertaken on the rough-dry clothes by a professional repasseuse. On the other hand, the American servants will not work for more than eight or nine hours a day, and expect a small part, at least, of their waking time to be left entirely at their own disposal. Women of intellect and culture do not consider it beneath them in America to study domestic science and organisation. The Association of Collegiate Alumnae, a body composed of some thousands of women graduates, has a special Domestic Science Committee inquiring into and reporting upon all matters of household importance; and the Massachusetts State Labour Bureau has made a special inquiry into the scarcity of domestic servants, and solemnly reports that factory and shop girls prefer those occupations to domestic work, because of the lack of social life, the loss of status among people of their own class, the want of means of training for the higher branches of housework, and the refusal by employers of sufficient free time and of full personal liberty to workers in domestic service.

Petticoats are becoming more and more ornate, some almost rivaling in richness of material and harmony of colour the costume-skirts beneath which they are worn. Plain white underskirts, after being in poor repute for so long, will again be much favoured during the coming summer months, especially by young women. Elderly ladies usually prefer the more dignified brocade, even in warm weather, to fluffy white frills and furbelows. Of course, even in the most elaborate designs, the trimming is all concentrated on the lower half of the petticoat; the top is always made perfectly plain and tight-fitting, as the dress skirts now fit round the hips more closely than ever, and among ladies who are very careful of the silhouette, the underskirt is not provided with a band to encircle the waist at all, but is

buttoned on round the lower edge of the corsets. A pretty model, intended for evening use by a girlish wearer, is made of pink satin, ornamented by a deep flounce of écaré Bretonne net, headed and edged by a full ruching of rose-coloured chiffon. The flounce is further ornamented by pink satin bébé ribbon, wandering in and out among the spots of the net without any apparent regularity of design. Another model is of yellow brocade, the lower half trimmed with flounces of somewhat deep black lace, festooned at intervals by the aid of rosettes of yellow ribbon with hanging loops, a tiny diamond buckle scintillating in the centre of each. A third was more commonplace, but still remarkably pretty. The foundation was an Oxford blue corded silk; round the edge was placed a multitude of tiny frills, all blue, but no two of exactly the same tone. The lowest was of the same colour as the body of the garment, the highest was quite a pale blue, and the remaining frills were carefully graduated from one tone to another without any violent contrast spoiling the harmony. Yet another in apple-green silk had a tunic with deep scalloped edges placed over an accordion-pleated flounce. The rounded points of the upper skirt were edged with chiffon ruching in the palest possible shade of pink, and a true-lovers' knot in a slightly deeper shade of pink chiffon ornamented each scallop.

Underclothing becomes continuously more luxurious and costly. The finest recent productions make a point of avoiding any seams. Like the Princess in the fairy tale who could not sleep, though she had many mattresses, because she "felt a lump," which proved to be a single pea under the lowest one, so the dainty and fragile Society dame cannot be at ease if there be in her batiste or silk garments the most delicately worked seam imaginable. The latest notion is to replace the seams by narrow lines of that fine openwork embroidery which is called à jour. All the pieces which compose a garment are united by sewing on to each edge the most minute line of openwork insertion of this description. The lace which trims the cache-corset, the chemise, and other articles is also fixed on by the same means. Openwork narrow embroidery, "à jour," as above described, is also used very much



A NEAT TAILOR-MADE FOR THE COUNTRY.

for those indoor dresses, or negligées, which are not exactly tea-gowns, and still less dressing-gowns. A peignoir of this dainty kind is a great addition to the wardrobe. It can be well made in a soft silk, white, rose colour, or pale blue; it is always, in the nature of the case, to be cut quite loose, and encrusted with Valenciennes or Maltese lace fixed by à jour work in silk of the same colour as the garment. The shape is always easy, and it is perhaps best either like a Venetian Doge's mantle or a Japanese kimono. Such a robe d'intérieur is worn when one sits awhile in one's boudoir letter-writing after breakfast in bed, or for tea in the same sanctum with one or two intimate friends, or it is donned at night for the pleasant feminine chat after going upstairs.

FILomena.

French Decoration.

Messrs. Gillow beg to announce that they have engaged the services of one of the most eminent Decorative Artists in Paris, who will prepare designs and superintend the execution of decorations in the French styles. They will thus be enabled to confidently guarantee work (at the lowest possible cost) of equal merit, both with regard to detail and ensemble, to that carried out by the best Paris Houses.

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ART NOTES.

England has had two great schools of painting—that of the portrait-painters of the eighteenth century and that of the landscape-painters who were born in the eighteenth century and died in the nineteenth. These last also were great. It is usual to relate the school of landscape which made France illustrious, forty years

National Gallery in respect to the Norwich school. Crome is scantily represented there, and Cotman very imperfectly. At the Fine Art Society's Gallery we have had an opportunity of admiring three of the most beautiful Cromes in England—the lovely "Return of the Flock," "Rocky River Scene," and "Old Mill"; a Cotman of great beauty—"Harbour at Low Water, with Fishing-Boats"; and an almost

"articled" to the master, sought to improve upon his most noble example; drew, as they thought, nearer to Nature, but imitated the fact, rather than represented the truth, of the natural landscape; became literal, hard, and common, and set English landscape-painting on the wrong road from that day to this. Crome and Cotman were great colourists, great chiaroscurists, great decorative painters; they had magic, mystery, and



IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE RECENT FIGHTING: BRITISH STORES AT BEI-BEI UNDER GUARD.

THE OPENING UP OF NIGERIA: WITH THE SOKOTO BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

The recent successful capture of Sokoto has cleared the ground for the work of the Anglo-French Boundary Commission. Bei-Bei is about ninety-five miles west of Sokoto, and was the scene of the first brush which the Commission had with the natives after leaving the river for the overland route. Sokoto was captured by a force under General Kemball and Colonel Morland, who worked round from the eastward.

later, to Constable; but a more obvious influence is to be traced to Crome, Cotman, and De Wint. There is a noble little Troyon now in the Haymarket which is conspicuously like a Cotman; and this is but one instance of a derivation which the most beautiful landscape ever painted in France owes to the initiative of England. What is strange is the ill-fortune of the

equally fine De Wint—"Footbridge over a Stream." These are from a private collection, which includes other works of the first order of the same period and nationality. The greatness of English landscape did not last. Crome founded a "society," but its genius died with him. In this collection we can see how quickly George Vincent and James Stark,

simplicity. In Crome's skies is the first suggestion of Corot's.

The Spring Exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery is intended to give complete instruction in the art of this young century to the inhabitants of East London. Just as our more humble citizens receive the benefit of the



THE MAIFODA, OR HEAD WARRIOR, OF BEI-BEI.

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for everybody.

"The Times" Competition is an intellectual novelty which appeals to all thinking men and women, and the advantages accruing from it, both mental and material, are so great that it cannot fail to rouse keen interest. A glance at the awards detailed on this page will show that success will place at the disposal of the one who stands highest in the list **£1000** in money or a scholarship of **£1200**, to cover the whole expenses of a four years' University course. Moreover, the prizes are open to persons of either sex, and they are transferable.

The competition takes the form of three question-papers, each consisting of twenty questions. These have been so arranged that no two sets of answers can be precisely equal, so that there can be no ties, and no award will be divided.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION.

In the limited space of this advertisement it is obviously impossible to give an adequate idea of the nature and scope of the Competition. A pamphlet has been prepared containing the rules of the Competition, specimen questions, with explanations of the way in which the answers are reached, and the fullest particulars. This pamphlet will be sent to all those who use the Inquiry Form on this page.

Competitors will not be hurried over their answers, for a month is allowed for each of the three question-papers. Intending competitors who are extending their Easter holidays, and have delayed entering the competition on that account, are not yet too late; but names should be enrolled at once. In order to arrive at as close a conjecture as possible of the time required by the questions, twenty of them were given for solution to a clerk of average intelligence and education. He spent on an average twenty-eight minutes on each, and most of the answers were substantially correct, although more care would have improved them. On this calculation, three hours a week devoted to the Competition would ensure a reasonable chance of success.

Apart from the awards offered, "The Times" Competition makes claims on the public interest. It is an attempt to popularise serious reading, to give point to what might otherwise be aimless, desultory, and therefore unproductive effort. The reader who traces out the answers step by step does not need to be armed with any but the simplest education; but if he is to be successful he will have to give very close attention to the point before him. He cannot fail to be entertained by the process of searching out the answers, and will find in it an engrossing occupation; and, at the same time, without any consciousness of carrying out a laborious task, he will gain three distinct advantages that are not always ensured by a much more pretentious intellectual training. He will learn where most easily to find any specific fact, so that if, as often happens, his success should one day depend on his possession of a particular piece of accurate information, he will be able to find it in the quickest possible time. This faculty will give him an enormous advantage in these days when definite technical detail on many points is needed at short notice. The reading to which the competition directs him possesses an intrinsic interest, and is so various that he will widen his stock of general information. He will gain in force, for success comes not to the cleverest men, but to those who are able to concentrate their whole mental energy on one point at a

time, and the competition offers an admirable training in this faculty.

The Buddhist devotee, to whom our civilisation is but a thing of yesterday, succeeds in concentrating his thoughts to a degree that renders him entirely oblivious of his surroundings. We may smile at the grotesque figure and call him a fanatic, but which of us would not be glad to possess in some small degree this power of concentration? Even if by working at "The Times" Competition the competitor gains no other advantage than an increase in this faculty of concentration, the time spent will not have been lost. The definite statement which must be found, the straight path of inquiry marked out, help to form a habit of fixed attention. When Sir Isaac Newton was asked how he had achieved his great discoveries, he answered: "By always *intending* my mind." The man who can thus take himself in hand and by sheer force of will bring his whole thinking power to bear on the matter in hand, is sure of success. He will never lose his head in an emergency, and is sure to take the lead among his fellows in any undertaking.

"The Times" Competition aims at providing a genuine entertainment, a novel recreation. The questions have been so arranged that the tracing out of the answers is in itself an amusement, and the reading to which the competitor is directed in the course of his search possesses real interest and value. Intending competitors may be assured that they are not asked to undertake a dull task. The fullest details of the arrangements, with specimens of the questions set, will be forwarded to all who use the Inquiry Form below, or who send similar inquiries by postcard.

93 PRIZES.

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<i>A great opportunity.</i> |

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INQUIRY FORM.

This Inquiry Form should be addressed to "THE TIMES," Publication Dept.,
125, High Holborn, London, W.C.

The MANAGER, "THE TIMES," Publication Dept.

Please send me Specimen Questions and full particulars of "The Times" Competition.

Name

I L 66 Address

Rank or Occupation

best medical attendance when lying in the hospitals of the Metropolis, so now are they being treated to the works of the most eminent artists of the day. Whether or no the most skilful surgeon and the most excellent painter are necessary for the treatment of the blackened eye of the East Ender is doubtful; but that the eye should be taught a due sensitiveness is very proper,

although to convey the lesson will be no easy task. The crowd that comes strolling westwards to the Whitechapel Gallery is not a crowd that is likely to have ever set foot among pictures before. Story and sentiment are naturally what it seeks for in the canvases before it; and the more recent art of these days does not pander much to such seekers. The art of the twentieth century must indeed present difficulties to the visitors at Whitechapel.

Mr. Whistler, for instance, is represented at the judgment-seat of the working-man by a small and frail drawing, entitled "The Convalescent." Its size, its delightful slightness, its pale colouring and the delicate drawing so aptly rendering the delicate figure of the invalid, who reclines reading a book held in the slender hand of a slender arm, are all qualities that make but few claims on the attention of those who are neither expectant nor prepared. The early works of Millais and the mature paintings of Ford Madox Brown and Holman Hunt have hitherto formed the chief item on the artistic menu prepared for the artisan. And it was reasonable, we think, to choose the bright and definite colourists and the direct illustrators of story or sentiment. The working classes, when they perform the unusual act of stepping into a picture-gallery, demand that they enter the realms of fairy-land. The modern artist, in his effort to paint pictures sufficiently low in tone to be true, must renounce the admiration of the public that wishes for the surprise of colour and sentiment.

Only a portion of the gallery, however, bears on its walls canvases painted in a manner unintelligible to its patrons. To dispel the mystification that must needs obscure the minds of factory-girls after studying the contents of one room, "The Railway-Station," by Mr. Frith, "A Soldier's Return," by Mr. Marcus Stone, and "Confession," by Mr. Dicksee, are hung in another. To criticise the exhibition on its artistic merits would be to accord it abundant praise. It is a pleasure to renew acquaintance with Mr. P. Wilson Steer's admirably composed portrait-study, "Jonquils," and with the same artist's brilliant landscape, "The Rainbow," painted in the vivid moments of sunshine during a storm. Here also are to be found most excellent examples of Mr. Mark Fisher's art; while Mr. Edward Stott is well represented.

The imposing new offices of the British South Africa Company in London Wall are now occupied by the clerical staff. All the interior fittings, including woodwork, furniture, electric fittings, and carpets, have been supplied by Waring's, under the direction of Messrs. Gordon and Gunton, the architects.



A VESSEL OF STRIFE: THE NORTH MYMMS TANKARD.

Some time ago keen party strife raged in the hamlet of North Mymms over a unique vessel constructed almost entirely of fine amber. It is the property of the Parish Church of North Mymms, a small hamlet in the county of Hertford, and was bequeathed in 1750 by the Lady Mews, who stipulated that the vessel must "stand on the altar of North Mymms Church." To this, as it was not a sacred vessel, some persons objected, and a lively controversy ensued. It now remains in possession of the church, but is not exposed to view.



THE KING'S CUP FOR THE MILITIA.

His Majesty has lately presented the Militia Rifle Association with a beautifully chased and richly gilt silver cup, specially designed and manufactured for the purpose by Elkington and Co., Limited, 73, Cheapside, E.C. The cup is to be held from year to year by the Battalion of Militia the company officers of which shall make the best independent practice in the annual course prescribed for trained men. The cup has been won for the first time by the 7th Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, commanded by Colonel the Viscount Hardinge, A.D.C.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of London is taking only a three weeks' holiday, as he has several important engagements early in May. His visit to Biarritz was an event of the greatest interest to the English community. It is only once in many years that so popular a preacher can be secured at this favourite Easter resort. During the present week, Dr. Ingram is resting in the Pyrenees, and he returns by way of Paris, where he will hold a confirmation. The Bishop of Rochester has also gone abroad, and is taking his holiday in Italy.

The preacher at St. Paul's during Holy Week was the Bishop of Kensington, who attracted large crowds, especially on the last days. On the whole, however, it must be said that the week-day services at the Cathedral have proved much less attractive than in past years. No effort appears to have been made to engage the most popular preachers, and the result is that congregations were often meagre and languid.

The appointment of Dean Farrar's successor has been received with general approval, for there are few more popular clergymen in London than Dr. Wace. His appointment will mean a loss rather than a gain in income, as the Canterbury Deanery carries with it now a salary of only £700 a year net. In old days

it was worth £4000 a year, but in 1840 the stipend was reduced by half, and it has since been declining.

The Bishop of Manchester made one of the best speeches at the Town Hall luncheon in connection with the Free Libraries' Jubilee. He spoke of the growing taste for reading, especially among the working classes. The best histories, biographies, and scientific treatises now find their way into the homes of working men. An artisan said the other day, "When I select a house I

founded a hundred years ago, after the death of the author of "Robinson Crusoe," who suggested the idea.

Bishop Perowne, in spite of age and feeble health, went to Birmingham on the first Saturday in April and laid the foundation-stone of the Bishop Latimer Memorial Church, Handsworth New Road. The church is the gift of a lady who has provided £15,000 to cover the cost of erection and £1800 for the site, but who desires to remain anonymous.

V.



Photo. A. Tough.

THE RESTORATION OF LADYSMITH WATERWORKS: THE INTAKE.

The intake is situated six miles away from the Town Hall. Early in the siege the pipes from the intake were torn up by the Boers, and the supply ceased. Since then £20,000 has been expended in repairing and extending the works. The town has now one of the best water supplies in South Africa.





WEST AFRICAN VISITORS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: SCENES IN THE ASHANTI VILLAGE, OPENED ON EASTER MONDAY.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLAVER.

Among the exhibitions recently opened at the Crystal Palace, one of the most curious and popular is the Ashanti village in the North Tower Gardens. The native life is reproduced to the minutest detail.



THE KING'S TOUR: HIS MAJESTY RECEIVED BY THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF LISBON, APRIL 4.

DRAWN BY H. H. FLERE FROM A SKETCH BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT LISBON.

MR. STEWART WRITES: "The King received an address in Portuguese read by the President of the Society. At the close cheers were given for 'the great King Edward,' followed by shouts of 'Long live Portugal's greatest friend!' His Majesty read a reply in Portuguese. The ladies in the galleries showered roses on the King."



THE KING'S TOUR.—THE TOURADA, OR BULL-FIGHT, BEFORE HIS MAJESTY AT LISBON, APRIL 6: PERFORMERS ADVANCING TO SALUTE KING EDWARD.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM SKETCHES BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING HIS MAJESTY.

No life is sacrificed or risked in the Portuguese bull-fight. That witnessed by King Edward in the Campo Pequeno was typical of these holiday festivals. The horsemen in the centre are the principal performers or cavalleros, youths of good family. These attack the bull by sticking into his neck darts covered with tissue paper. The men on foot, with the sombreros, receive the charge of the bull, and try to fling themselves between his horns, which are rendered harmless by sheaths with knobs.

THE SOMALILAND EXPEDITION: SCENES OF THE ADVANCE FROM OBBIA.

SKETCHES (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE EXPEDITION.



*Melton Prior
Dibit 1. 12. 03*

*"The Somaliland Expedition
Somali Scouts leaving Dibat with
Colonel Fasken's urgent dispatches to
the General at Galkayu
Colonel Blair giving final instructions to the bearers."*

SOMALI SCOUTS FOR GALKAYU: COLONEL BLAIR GIVING FINAL INSTRUCTIONS TO THE BEARERS OF COLONEL FASKEN'S URGENT DISPATCHES FROM DIBIT.

ON MARCH 12 MR. MELTON PRIOR WRITES: "Last night Colonel Fasken had to send off urgent dispatches to General Manning at Galkayu, and Somali scouts were chosen for the journey, as they are able to travel straight across country and accomplish the distance in one day without water. The Bikaner Camel Corps, on the other hand, would have to make a big détour to the wells."



*"Somaliland Expedition
Wireless Telegraphy"*

"Mr. Melton Prior, at Lodabal, receiving a message from Colonel Fasken at Dibat, the longest message yet sent by wireless."

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY IN THE FIELD: RECEIVING A MESSAGE AT LODABAL FROM COLONEL FASKEN AT DIBIT.

MR. MELTON PRIOR WRITES: "I was chatting with the naval officer in charge of the wireless telegraphy, when he suddenly heard his instrument ticking, and with an exclamation of delight, he received from Dibat what he and others considered the longest message hitherto sent overland by Service instruments."

BILIOUSNESS

Cured after 20 Years suffering.



MRS. JANET THOMSON,
Kilmarnock.

FOR 20 YEARS Mrs. Janet Thomson, 18, Kirktonholm Street, Kilmarnock, was doomed to misery, suffering, and expense. All that is now changed to happiness and health. At an interview with a Kilmarnock pressman on the subject of the change, Mrs. Thomson said—

“It is more than 20 years since my illness began—quite early in life. At first headaches tortured me; the pain was simply indescribable, being accompanied by violent vomiting. I have fallen senseless on the floor on account of the pain. The attacks followed each other at sharp intervals, and while they lasted I could not partake of any food. For six years I have not been able to do any housework, my daughter having to do it for me. The doctors who attended me said the biliousness had got such a hold on me that to cure it was impossible. Patent medicines I took were useless. At this time my husband persuaded me to try BILE BEANS. I did so, and after persevering with them and taking a proper course, I am completely cured.”

Bile Beans are the product of modern scientific research. They are not a mere purgative like the old-fashioned so-called remedies of 40 or 50 years ago. They act directly on the liver and digestive organs, strengthening and stimulating those organs to perform their natural duties. They produce a gentle action on the bowels, curing or preventing constipation, cleansing the stomach and ridding the system of all impurities. Do not be misled by claims of half-a-hundred pills in the box, where probably four to six constitute a dose, and the doses cannot be discontinued. One Bile Bean is one dose. They can be discontinued after the cure is effected; they are purely vegetable; they contain no harmful drugs, and they are the safest family medicine.

Bile Beans for Biliousness are a speedy and permanent cure for Headache, Constipation, Piles, Liver Troubles, Bad Breath, Liver Chill, Indigestion, Flatulence, Dizziness, Buzzing in the Head, Pimples, Blood Impurities, Spring Ailments, Debility, Anaemia, and all Female Ailments. Of all Medicine Vendors, price 1/1½ and 2/9 per box.

SAMPLE BOX FREE.

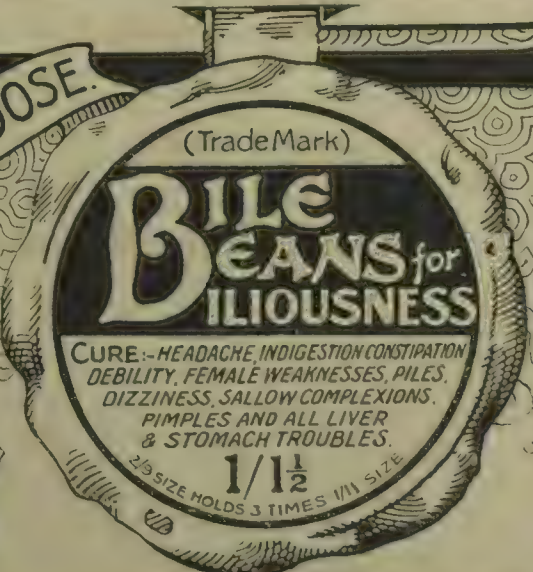
Sample Box of Bile Beans and a Book on Liver and Digestive Ailments given away Free. Send accompanying Coupon and Penny Stamp to cover return postage to the Bile Bean Mfg. Co.'s Central Distributing Depot, Greek Street, Leeds.

Free Sample
Coupon.

Illustrated
London News,
April 18, 1903.

ONE BEAN
ONE DOSE.

Bile Beans FOR Biliousness



WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 17, 1897), with two codicils (dated Jan. 16, 1899, and Jan. 20, 1903), of Mr. Frederick Baden Benger, of The Grange, Knutsford, Chester, who died on Jan. 28, has been proved by Mrs. Sophia Benger, the widow, and Alfred Benger, the brother, the value of the estate being £420,807. The testator bequeaths £50,000 and the contents of The Grange, other than money and securities, to his wife; £500 each to the Hospital for Diseases of the Chest and the Children's Hospital (Manchester); £500 to the Northern Counties' Hospital for Chronic and Incurable Diseases; £500 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £5500 to his brother Alfred; £5000 to his brother William Edmund; £1000 each to his brothers Henry and John; £500 each to his brothers Arthur Noel and George Ogilvy; £2000, and during the life of Mrs. Benger an annuity of £150, to his sister Mary Ann Adye; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife for life; and then, as to four eightieths each, in trust, for his brothers Alfred and William Edmund and his sister Mrs. Adye; two eightieths each to his brothers Henry and John; and one eightieth each to his brothers Arthur Noel and George Ogilvy.

The will (dated Aug. 31, 1901), with a codicil (dated Nov. 20, 1902), of Mr. George Braithwaite Lloyd, of Edgbaston Grove, Birmingham, has been proved by John Henry Lloyd, the son, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £125,253. The testator bequeaths £2000 each to the children of his son; a conditional sum of £11,000 to the children of his brother, Sampson Samuel Lloyd; £1000 each to his sisters-in-law Eliza Hutchinson, Emma Gilkes, and the widow of his deceased brother, Sampson Samuel; £1000 to his nephew, Samuel John Hutchinson; £1000 each to Leila Louise Lloyd and Georgiana Lloyd; £250 each to the General Hospital, the General Dispensary, the Town Mission, and Sir Josiah Mason's Orphanage (Birmingham); and £100 each to the Queen's Hospital (Birmingham), the Birmingham and Midland Hospital for Women and for Sick Children, the Homœopathic Hospital, the Eye Hospital, and the Lying-in Charity (Birmingham). The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated April 30, 1890), with a codicil (dated Dec. 8, 1902), of Mr. Nathaniel Killingworth Punsheon, of Ingleby House, near Northallerton, who died on Dec. 21, has been proved by Mrs. Rachel Mary Punsheon, the widow, and William Henry White,

the executors, the value of the estate being £111,448. The testator bequeaths annuities of £100 to his brother William, £200 to Margaret D. Brown, £200 to Ann Pountain; and £100 to William Henry White and £100 per annum to his wife, Susan Norah White. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated Dec. 2, 1902) of Sir Colley Harman Scotland, of 44, Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W., and Chilton Grove, near Shrewsbury, who died on Jan. 20, has been proved by Colley Llewellyn Harry Burton, the grandson, and George Butler Lloyd, the executors, the value of the estate being £85,952. The testator bequeaths £20,000, in trust, for his grandson; £500 to his cousin Mary Scotland Mackenzie; £300 to Marian Burton; £100 to George Butler Lloyd; £250 to Captain W. Alexander Kincaid; £300 to his niece Louisa A. Scotland; and £350 to his godson, John Robert Morris. All the remainder of his estate and effects he leaves to his grandson.

The will (dated May 2, 1902) of Mr. Darwin Galton, J.P., D.L., of Claverdon Leys, Warwick, who died on Jan. 4, has been proved by Edward Galton Wheler, the nephew, and Brabazon Campbell, the executors, the value of the estate being £66,499. The testator gives

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(Bartlett's Patent.)

(Exactly the same in quality and construction as sold by Michelin & Co., in France.)

Reduce the EXPENSE of MOTORING.

Because of their RELIABILITY & DURABILITY.

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ALL BUYERS CAN ORDER AND USE, WITHOUT RISK, CLINCHER-MICHELIN TYRES PURCHASED FROM US OR FROM ANY OF OUR WAREHOUSES AND DEPOTS.

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See brand on cover, none genuine without.

MELLIN'S CHOCOLATE

is a combination of CHOCOLATE and MELLIN'S FOOD, and its healthful and palatable qualities are unequalled by any sweetmeat. It is appreciated by young and old.

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THE BALDNESS AND FAILING HAIR. AUTO-MASSEUR (SCALP-INVIGORATOR).



A loose-fitting, thick and healthy scalp, permitting free blood circulation and nourishment of hair-roots (as against a thin, tightly stretched and "shiny" one) is the only condition under which a vigorous growth of hair, as in photo., is ensured. This is got by a few minutes' daily use of the Lawberg Scalp Invigorator.

As indispensable a toilet requisite and as easily manipulated as a hair or tooth brush: No lotions or recurring expenses. 12s. 6d. complete. Write, enclosing penny stamp, for full particulars.

Photo showing "Invigorator" in use. Observe the thick loose fold of scalp.

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A CHILD CAN USE THEM!

PRICE 12/6

Carriage Paid.

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PRESS THE RING—IT LIGHTS.

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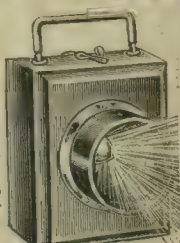
PORTABLE ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., 8, Newman Street, Oxford Street, London, W.

VEST POCKET L.I.G.-T.

Press the button, and a brilliant light is thrown in any direction. No. 85, Nickel, 1/6; Enamel, 1/6; Extra Batteries, 1/3 each.

"EVER-READY" HOUSE OR HAND LAMP.

No. 12. Highly equipped and well made, complete with Battery, 14/6; Special Design, 19/6; Extra Batteries, 1/6 each.



Torch gives 6,000 Flashes before new Battery is required. Fresh Batteries 1/6 each. Invaluable for Country Houses, Stables, Out-houses, Cellars, Factories, and for Doctors, Sportsmen, Engineers, &c.

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Fitted with long cord and magnifying glass, so that time can be seen from a distance.

Now prepared by a new Scientific Patented Process, whereby all the Natural Gums and Juices of the Leaf are retained.

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MILD. MEDIUM. FULL.

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"NOTE THE
PRICE."

The "LANCET" says, referring to Allsopp's Lager: "A very decided and distinct demand has arisen in this country for lighter alcoholic beverages, and we have often urged that this demand, in the interests of temperance and hygiene, should be met."

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Sold by all Licensed Grocers at 2/- per dozen for Half-Pint bottles, Reputed Pints at 2/9, and Imperial Pints at 3/6 per dozen—about the same price as ordinary beer.

Lager.

S.H.B. A.101.

Registered Nos.—
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PATENT

SPIRAL PUTTEES

Are so shaped as to Wind on Spirally from Ankle to Knee and to Fit Closely to the Leg with Even Pressure without any Turns or Twists.

Made in Two Weights, "HEAVY" and "LIGHT," and in a Variety of Colours. Shade Cards on application.

**THE SPAT PUTTEE HAS BEEN ADOPTED BY THE
WAR OFFICE FOR OFFICERS' WEAR.**

The "HEAVY" Weight or "REGULATION" Quality is the same as now supplied to His Majesty's Government.

No Measurements Required. Will Fit any Leg.
Made of All Wool.

A Most Comfortable Support to the Leg.

For Rough, Hard Wear, no Leg Covering has ever been Invented Equal to the "PUTTEE."

Can be Worn under Trousers to keep the Leg Dry in Wet or Snow.

Can be Used with Shoes and With or Without Stockings.

Recommended for Rheumatism and Varicose Veins.

PRICE **10/6** EITHER
PER PAIR, WEIGHT.
WITH SPATS.

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LADIES and CHILDREN } with Spats, 7/6 } Per Pair. In
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Adapter, with Focussing Screen and Three Slides
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PERRY PENS THE "GLIDEAWAY"

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OF
NEW
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3/-
GROSS
ALSO IN
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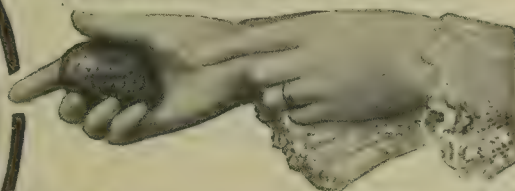
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ASSORTED
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SAMPLES
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A DAINY SOAP FOR DAINY FOLK



"Erasmic"
Soap

4d.
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MADE BY A SPECIAL PROCESS, AND WITH THE
PUREST OF MATERIALS OBTAINABLE.

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A Pamphlet on Infant Feeding
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The "Allenburys' Foods" give Strength and Stamina, and supply all that is required for the formation of flesh and bone. They promote perfect health, and give freedom from digestive troubles and the disorders common to children fed on farinaceous foods, condensed milk or even cows' milk.

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4/- 48/-
PER BOTTLE PER CASE

Age and genuineness of this
Whisky are guaranteed by
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Manufacturers to His Most Gracious Majesty the King.

CAMBRIC POCKET

Children's, 1/3 doz. HEMSITCH'D, Ladies', 2/3 doz. Ladies', 2/9 doz. Gents', 3/3 " Gents', 3/11 "

SAMPLES & PRICE LISTS POST FREE. **HANDKERCHIEFS**

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BUTTERCUP METAL POLISH

Gives employment to a large number of English work-girls and men, and is superior both in brilliancy and lasting properties to the Foreign Polishing Pastes.

BEST FOR BRASS, COPPER, & METALS.

In 2d., 4d., and 6d. Tins.

CHISWICK SOAP CO., CHISWICK, LONDON, W.

such of his live stock as she may select to his wife; £100 to Brabazon Campbell; £100 each to the children of Amelia Biggs; and many legacies to servants. Subject to the life interest of his wife, he settles all his real, and the residue of his personal, estate on his nephew, Edward Galton Wheler, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male.

The will (dated Nov. 18, 1901) of Mr. James Winterbotham Lewis, of Tattershall Corner, the Park, Nottingham, who died on Dec. 8, has been proved by James Lauriston Lewis, the son, Alfred Hunt Lewis, the nephew, and Andrew Binnie, the executors, the value of the estate being £42,719. The testator bequeaths one hundred shares in J. B. Lewis and Sons, Limited, to each of his children; £500 and a piece of land at Woodhouse Eaves, Leicester, to his daughter Edith; and £100 to Alfred Hunt Lewis. His residuary estate is to be divided among his children and the issue of any deceased child.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1900) of Mr. Arnold Bevan, of Park Terrace, Pontypool, who died on Jan. 23, was proved on April 1 by Mrs. Anne Bevan, the widow, Frederick Montrevor Bevan, the son, and William Collins, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £35,501. Subject to legacies of £100 each to his

executors, the testator leaves all his property, in trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife for life, and then as to one moiety thereto for his son, and the other moiety for his daughter, Mrs. Paulina Southwood Jones.

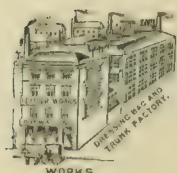
One of the directors of the Great Central Railway Company, Colonel Clement Roys, M.P., has presented to the staff a shield to be competed for annually in connection with ambulance work. At the first competition the Hull team won the trophy.

Sir William J. Soulsby, secretary to the Lord Mayor, has received the following letter, and the offer contained in it has been accepted by the committee of the Union Jack Club: "158 to 162, Oxford Street, London, W. Sir,—Our chairman, Mr. J. Newton Mappin, of Headley Park, Epsom, has written to us from Biarritz expressing his desire to aid the good work by contributing all the plate and cutlery required for the outfit of the above. Might we intrench on your well-known courtesy to convey the information to the proper quarter? We understand that the Lord Mayor is greatly interested in the scheme. We have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servants, for Mappin and Webb (Limited),—W. T. Haddock, Director."

INVISIBLE CROSSWAYS.

The invisible crossways that have been swept by generations of wild birds' wings are high over the trammelled paths of men. They veer with the veering winds; friends and foes meet at them, for they are wide and free, and crossroads of the King's highways have not more regular frequenters than they. Their travellers are by far the most numerous in winter, when great flocks restlessly scour the country, when rooks, who at all seasons of the year traverse them twice daily, pass orderly multitudes of starlings on their morning and evening journeys.

From our crossways over the river and water-meads, the sea, rookery, plantation, and down roads diverge. The plantation is on the right bank of the Stour, and in it, during autumn and winter, the starling republic is established; five miles off the left bank, as its denizens fly, lies the rookery; gulls come up country from the sea in time of flood and when ploughs are out; pigeons fly in from beech-copses on ridges of the hills to drink and bathe in the stream. These are regular passengers by the crossways, but in spring and autumn they are thronged by arriving and departing migrants, and in the cold season plover and geese pass over them, as do the parties of fieldfares and redwings constantly voyaging hither and thither. Of these last the starlings have a



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THE NEW PATENT

'EN ROUTE' TEA BASKET

Invaluable to all Travelling on the Continent.

A CUP OF TEA IN A FEW MINUTES.

Two Person size (as sketch), with

Silver-Plated Kettle ... £3 5s. 6d.

Or with all Fittings Silver-Plated

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Size 13 in. long by 7 in. wide by 10 in. high.

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Also in Stock for Four and Six Persons.



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Bed Rests 7/6

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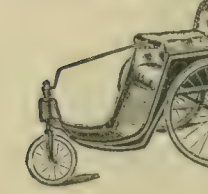
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For Hand or Pony.

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A BEDROOM BLESSING

NO WIRES
NO LIQUIDS
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PRESS THE BUTTON IT LIGHTS

"EVER-READY" ELECTRIC TORCH

"Ever-Ready" House or Hand Lamp No. 12. Highly equipped and well made, complete with Battery, 14/6. Refills, 1/6 each. Post paid in the United Kingdom.

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"Ever-Ready" Watch Stand and Night Light, fitted with magnifying lens and long cord, enabling person in bed to see time without exertion. Also illuminates the room. Price complete, 14/6. Refills, 1/6 each. Post paid in the United Kingdom.

"AN EXCELLENT FOOD,

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NEAVE'S FOOD has for some time been used in the

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Makes the Skin Soft as Velvet.

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Is Unequalled for Preserving
THE SKIN & COMPLEXIONFROM THE EFFECTS OF
FROST, COLD WINDS, AND HARD WATER.IT ENTIRELY REMOVES AND PREVENTS ALL
ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, TAN,IRRITATION, CHAPS, &c.,
AND KEEPS THE SKIN

SOFT, SMOOTH & WHITE AT ALL SEASONS.

Gentlemen will find it wonderfully soothing
if applied after shaving.Bottles 6d. (post free 8d.), 1s., 1s. 9d., and 2s. 6d. each, of all Chemists, and
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CHELTENHAM.

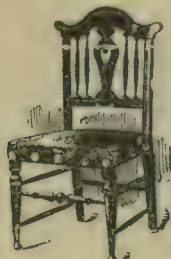


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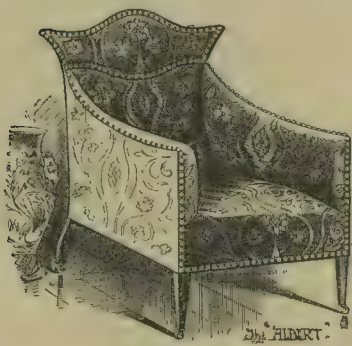
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(Continuation North of Tottenham Court Road.)

60 & 61, Grafton St., DUBLIN. 75, Union St., RYDE.



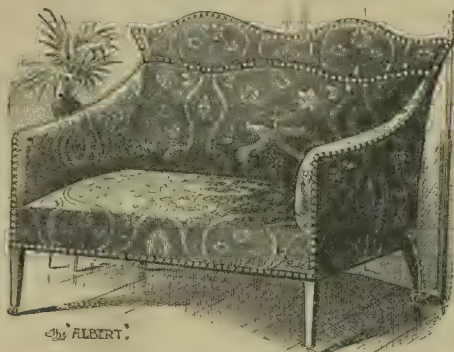
Chairs upholstered in accordance with any of the Settees or Easy Chairs, 7/6.



35/-

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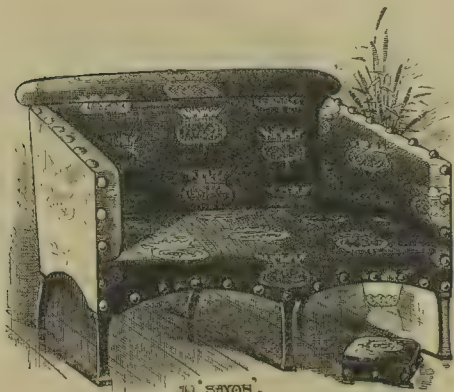
Well Upholstered, Spring Stuffed and Covered with Artistic Tapestry, finished with large Oxidised Copper Nails, £1 15s.

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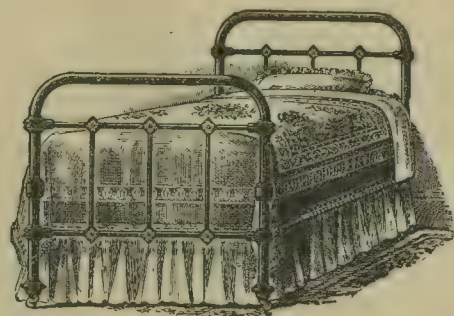
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THE "COSMO" BRASS-MOUNTED BEDSTEAD.

Complete with Double-woven Wire Mattress, comfortable Overlay-Mattress in Striped Tick, Bolster, and Feather Pillow.

3 ft. wide by 6 ft. 6 in. long	21/-	4/6 extra.
3 ft. 6 in. wide	27/6	5/6 "
4 ft. wide	37/6	6/6 "
4 ft. 6 in. wide	45/-	7/6 "

Ditto, with Superior quality Bedding.

Washable **Hall's** Sanitary Distemper

A Wall Covering that is artistic in the highest sense; that in its simple tastefulness adds to the fine effect of furniture and pictures.

Hall's Sanitary Washable Distemper is manufactured in 70 pleasing and permanent tints: it is unaffected by light, heat, or damp, does not crack or peel off, and is washable. It is sold in tins and iron kegs, only requires water added to be ready for use, and is applied with a whitewash brush. In point of cost it is far cheaper than wall paper.

Sample, Shade Card, and full particulars on application to—
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Don't work
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SAPON THE IDEAL CLEANSER

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poor opinion. They come from the far North, and yet die when it freezes hard. Their straggling troops are continually leaving luckless members behind in the tree-tops where they so often find it necessary to rest. Their senseless chuckle is pleasing to imitate, but not to hear ceaselessly repeated, even when buzzards are a-hunting in the neighbourhood. And so the starlings, who, animated with turbulent spirits though they are, usually make way politely for other flying squadrons, cannot refrain from quickening their pace to rush in upon these broken flocks when they meet them. The weak Northerners are easily scattered, and can only get their untidy ranks together again after torrents of chuckles have been interchanged.

When the starlings come forth in the morning they are hungry and care not how they reach their feeding-grounds so long as they get there quickly. They fight the winds with eager determination, often accomplishing a journey of several miles zig-zag fashion or altogether sideways. But in the evening they can better attend to organisation, when there is, besides, greater need for it, their many enemies being more wideawake and active than at dawn. It is pleasant then to see their steady united flocks approach the crossways, testing the aerial currents with sensitive, hesitating wings. They tack against a cross-wind, rounding the last stiff turn, as it were, with a strong unanimous rush. But if they come up against the wind to the plantation road, working might and main, one can think to hear a sigh of relief run through their ranks as, at the end of a slow curve, they get on to

the breeze, and one and all spread their sails motionless at the same moment to be tranquilly carried home. When thus serenely sailing, should they wish to break their flight in the elm-tops, they will allow themselves to be borne almost past their goal before suddenly turning topsy-turvy, with the simultaneousness that characterises all their movements. They seem together to cleave the wind that had been sweeping them before it, and for one instant it drones loudly among their many opposing little forms.

When the gulls come up the river they pause at the crossways to consider whether they shall descend in the water-meads or seek the ploughed land in the direction of the rookery. They care not for conflicting aerial currents, being accustomed to sport in the fiercest storms, but sometimes they will let the wind decide for them the way they shall take. Poising and wheeling in uncertainty, they will finally yield to its persistent pressure and drift before it until the aspect of the soil lures them downward. They crowd the crossways in time of flood, when the low, deep roar of the river sweeping round the willow-trees and pouring through the hedges is music full of promise to their ears. For, when fleeting sunshine breaks across the grey sky and sombre, widespread sheet of water, making the green ivy and little lichens and dark red buds spring momentarily to light among the trees, their keen eyes search the flood, discovering many delights stirring in it. They hover over it and dive into it, enjoying it as it is, and happily expecting the bliss attendant upon its swift recoil.

The wonderful spiral ascents to the sky accomplished from time to time in the course of the day by the entire rookery frequently take place over the Invisible Crossways, and may be favourably watched from a height commanding them. The theory that by these proceedings our black friends predict wet weather must be surely out of date. The skyward climbs take place before, after, and during all sorts of weather, because in all weathers the rook prefers to fly in the level most suitable to himself. And, whether we be conscious of a gale or of no wind at all, the birds ever find subtle differences in the air's motions, tending either to aid or impede their flight. The chiefs of the rooks choose the direction to be taken, and lead on in it, and, be the way hard or easy, the rest follow; but no inconvenience is endured that could possibly be avoided; and, therefore, each individual finds the right level on his own account, and, as will be seen by anyone witnessing the performance from beginning to end, some arrive at a decision quicker than others. Round and round, and up and up goes the black host, every member of it feeling, in the course of each steady circle, the full pressure of the air alternately in his face, in his rear, to windward, and to leeward. He ascertains, in what to us would be imperceptible gradations, whether its force increases or diminishes as he rises higher, and any cross-breeze there may be does not escape him. And so he discovers, exactly the distance from the earth at which he can travel most comfortably, either with or against the intangible current as the case may be. Some turn from the magic circles at different points, but all gradually drift into one line, sweeping away in the level voted by the majority as the best.

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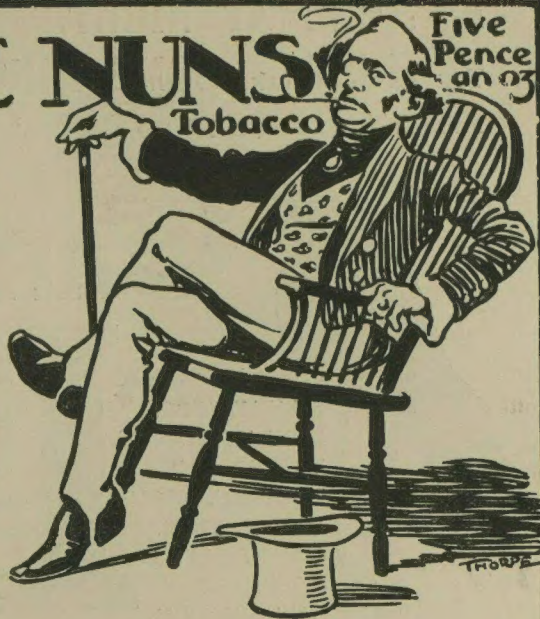
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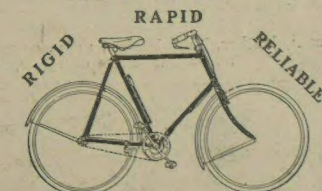
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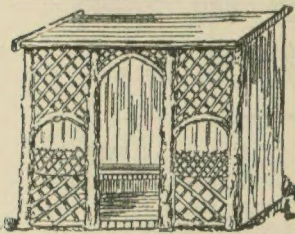


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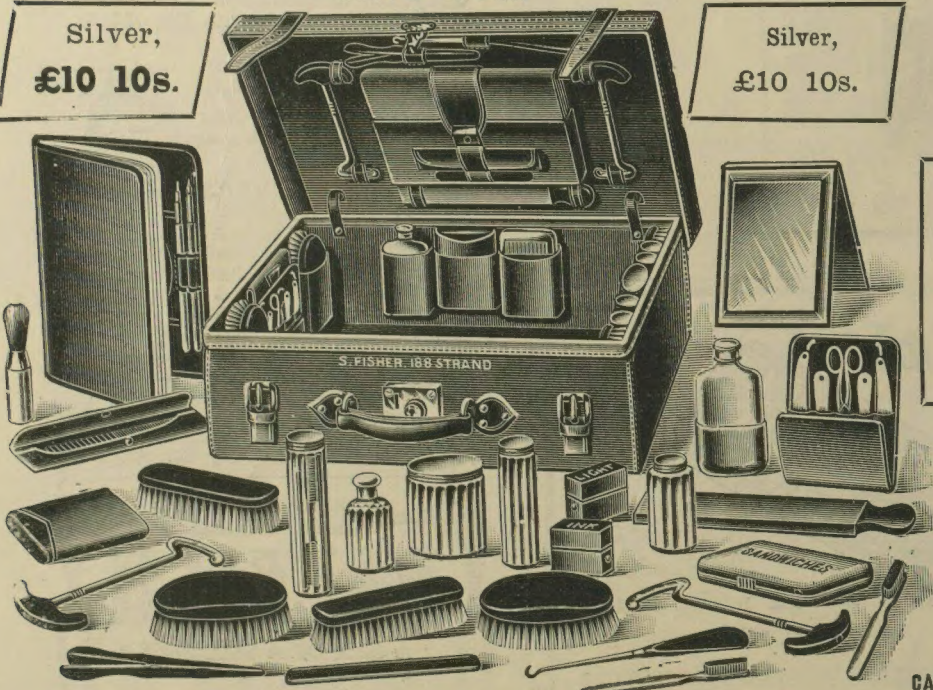
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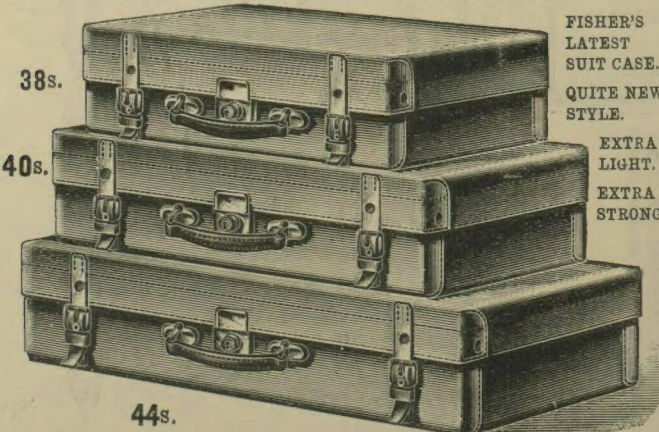
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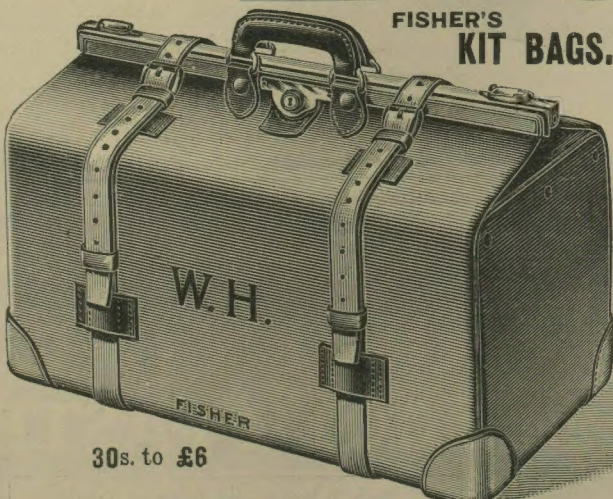
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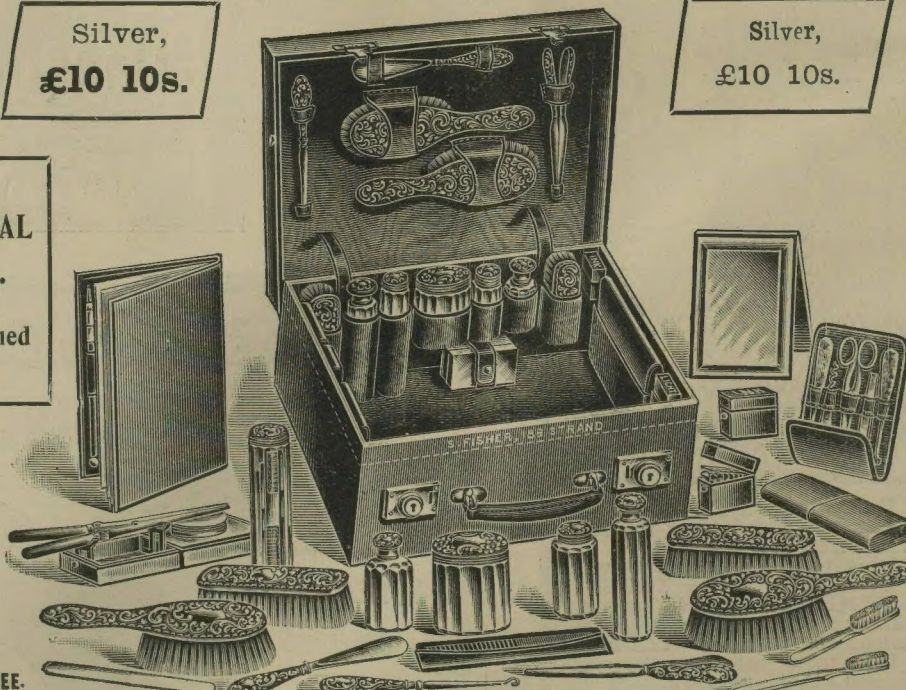
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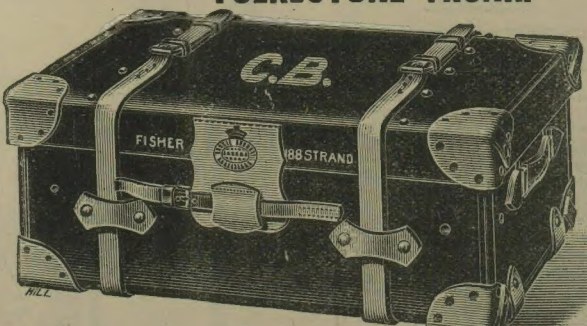
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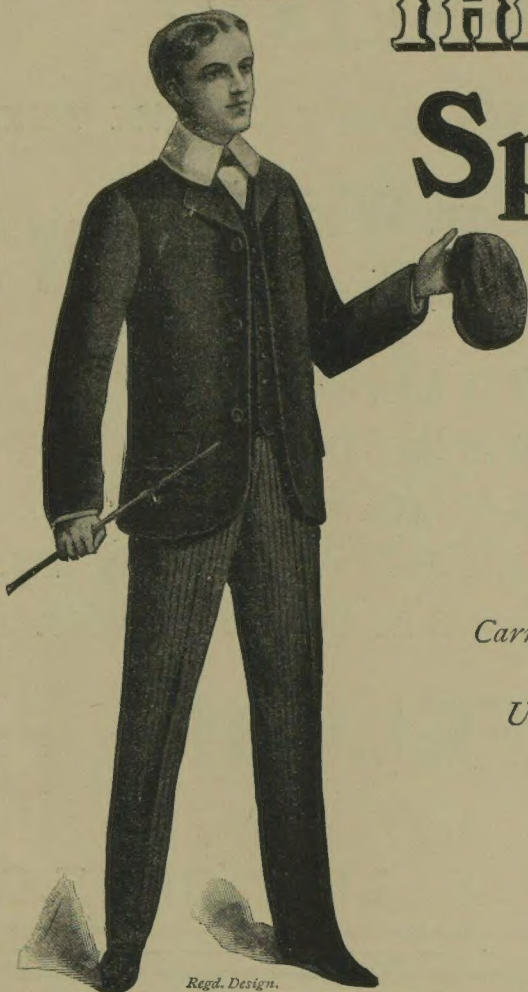
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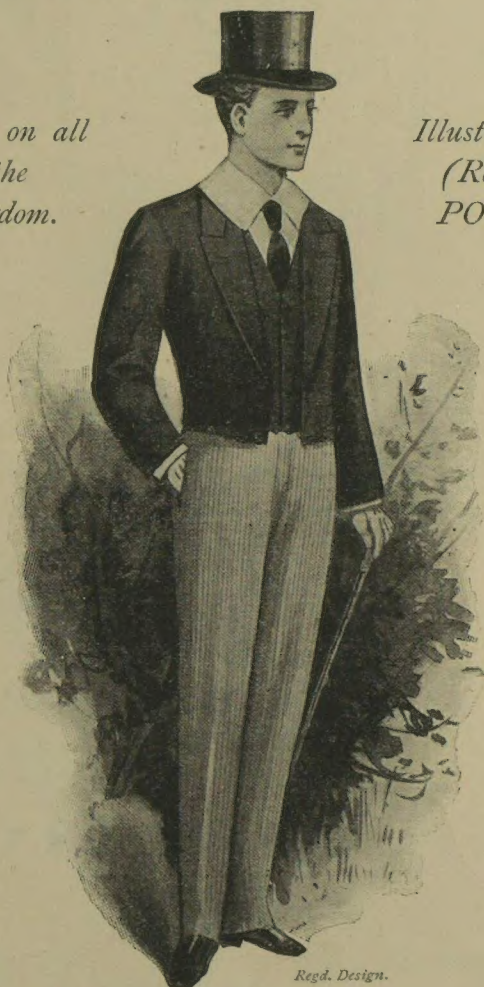
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Scotch and West of England Tweeds, Grey Cheviots, and Indigo Blue Serges. With or without waistcoats. Garter and Buckle at Knee. 9/11 14/11 17/11 19/11 23/6 25/6 28/6 32/6 For Boys from 9 to 14 years. Rising 1/- each size over 9 years. Box-Cloth Continuities to Knickers, 2/6 extra.

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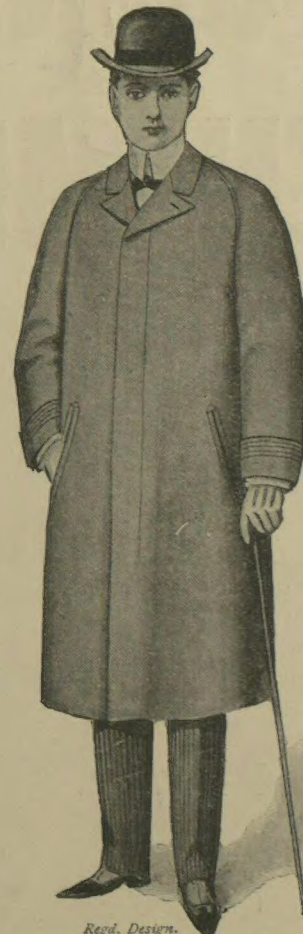
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For Youths from 10 to 16 years.

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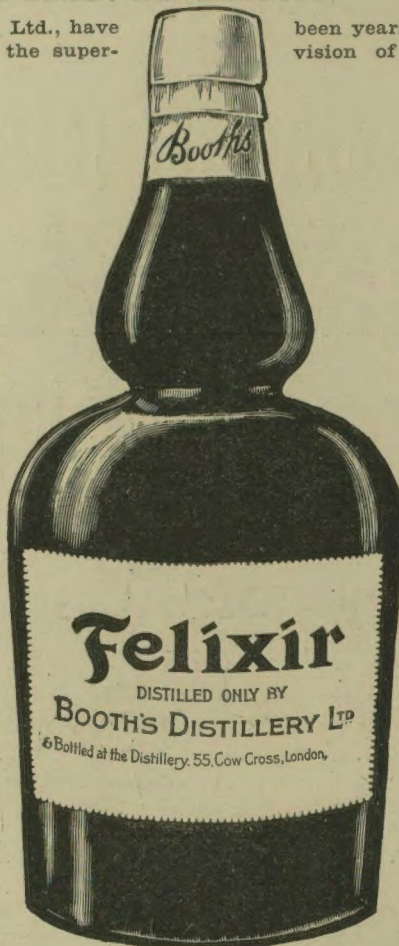
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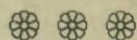
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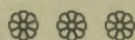


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